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Vol. LIV.
1418.

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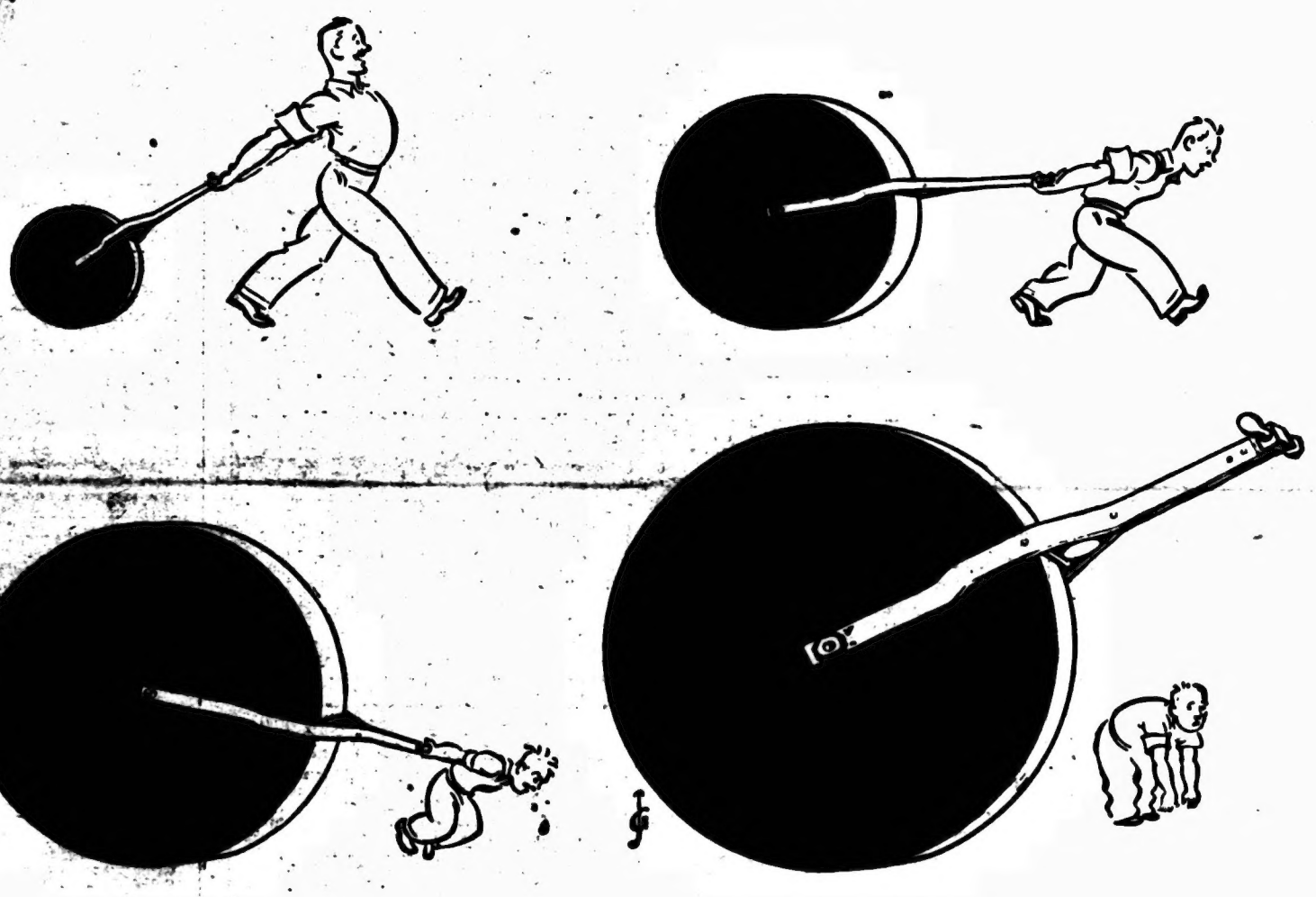
JOHN BULL



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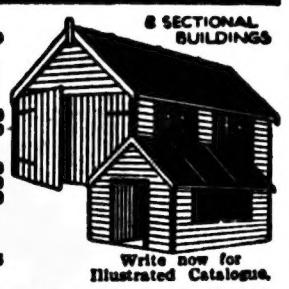

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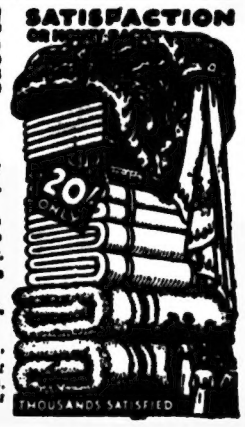

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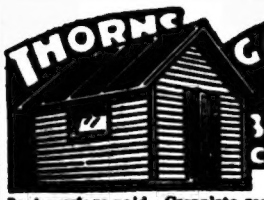

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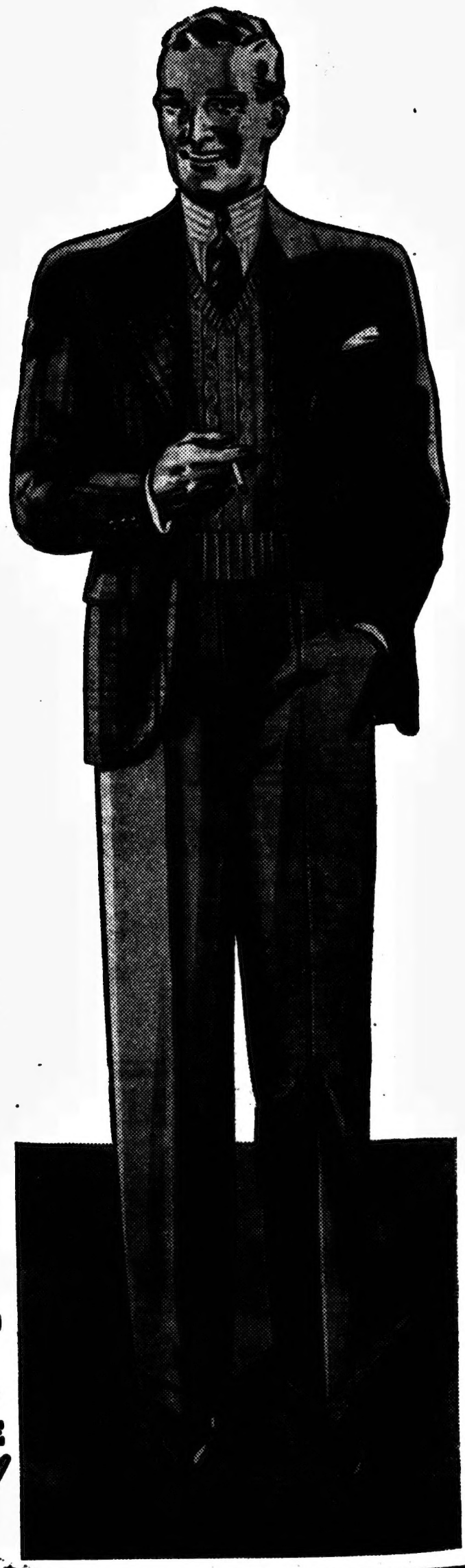

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28 ins. —	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"	
29 ins. —	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"	
30 ins. —	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"	
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"John Bull," 19/8/33.

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Has JUSTICE Gone Broke?

Justice: "It's very deplorable that you have been robbed; but, since you have no money left to prosecute the robber, I'm afraid nothing can be done — you see, my purse is empty, too!"

Without Fear or Favour

JUST now the entire police system of the country is very much in the limelight.

Lord Trenchard's far-reaching schemes for the remodelling of the London police have passed into law with the Metropolitan Police Bill, to which the Royal Assent has just been given—after a passage in almost record time through both Houses.

It is all over now bar the shouting. We are to have an "officer class" in the Force. There is to be a short-term service; older and experienced men are to go so that, presumably, the way of the transgressor shall be harder and the path to promotion easier.

The public, no doubt, will be duly grateful if the benefit of the extra protection which is promised by the new *régime* is really forthcoming. A super-efficient police personnel is an excellent thing—but what about the machine itself?

DAY by day unfortunate people visit JOHN BULL's office with complaints that, by one method or another, they have been robbed of all they possessed.

In nearly every case they have first been to the police with their complaint, and in *every* case the answer has been the same. The police could do nothing for them.

Sometimes the police have suggested that the complainant undertakes a civil action against the crook who robbed him. Sometimes they have suggested that he finances the costs of a prosecution. And that is all.

We have scores of cases on our files where complainants have been to the Public Prosecutor and have received the same answer as they got from the police.

What it all boils down to is this: If a thief cuts your purse-strings in the street you have immediately the whole formidable police machinery of the country at your back to bring him to justice.

But if another rogue disguised as a respectable business man, operating safely from an office and using His Majesty's mails for the purpose, robs you of your life's savings, you will more often than not stand alone if you want to bring him to justice.

We make no charge against the Public Prosecutor's methods and efficiency when he does set to work. The truth is that he so seldom can.

And the same with the police themselves. Swindling, fraud and gross misrepresentation is about the commonest crime in the country, and it is getting more common every day.

Yet countless cases of it go unpunished and without even official investigation or action of any kind.

For instance, there has been lately an enormous increase in "employment with investment" ramps. Unemployment and hard times have bred these callous swindlers in huge numbers. We know of at least a score who are flourishing in London alone.

They are the most heartless of all frauds. Their victims have in some cases parted not only with their life's savings, but have even disposed of their furniture, spurred on by lying promises of the employment they so desperately needed.

IN practically all such swindles these unfortunate people have been to the police and have been turned away with advice either to bring a civil action or undertake a private prosecution.

But what means have they to prosecute the men who robbed them of those means and who in many instances are still at large and plundering others?

Why should this be so? The plain fact is that the police machinery is at fault.

Neither the police nor the Public Prosecutor have the organisation necessary to cope with the extra work entailed by a proper investigation of every case of fraud brought to their notice. More important still, they have not got the money.

The result is that too often the police have to resort to every device to avoid having the work put upon them. They ask the victim to bear the main cost of bringing the swindler to justice or they shift about the responsibility until too often the complaint dies of exhaustion.

There was a case of a bogus share salesman who was travelling about the country and operating from half a dozen provincial centres.

One man who bought these worthless shares complained to the police in Newcastle. He was referred to the police at Liverpool, in which town one of the offices of the crook was situated. At Liverpool he was referred to the police in London, where the head office was supposed to be, and so on.

AND while the responsibility for action was being argued between the respective forces the crook was going gaily on with his pillaging career.

No wonder a learned English judge uttered the bitter gibe: "In this country justice is open to all—like the Ritz."

It is an intolerable system which asks the victim to finance his own individual right to justice. It should be open to him to lay his case before the police or the Public Prosecutor with the full knowledge that it will be investigated without cost to himself.

We want to see a properly trained, adequately financed police organisation brought into being to handle the widespread problem of criminal fraud in a proper manner.

Some of the necessary money can be found by economising on the police personnel at present being wasted on harrying the numerous petty offenders under the deluge of post-war legislation—things like the road traffic regulations, for instance. The rest of the money must be found by the State.

Let us not be compelled to admit that people can be robbed and swindlers go unscathed because Justice has "gone broke."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Worst Housing Muddle: Families Driven to Workhouse

Mother's 30 Years of Heroism

Emigrant Scandal Whitewash

IF you can't find a house, go into the workhouse!

That seems to be the latest official solution of the overcrowding problem. We prefer to describe it as the limit in callous inhumanity.

Here, for instance, is a story so shocking that it seems incredible. Unfortunately, it is not only true, but typical of many.

White plague's home

Mr. James Lester lives in the Lincolnshire town of Horncastle. He has a wife and six children, and they all sleep in one room. Mr. Lester is a victim of tuberculosis—which, under the circumstances, is hardly surprising.

The local council has been ordered by the county council to take immediate steps to remedy this terrible and dangerous overcrowding in its area, and the local council has discussed the matter.

Heartless

Its clerk had, however, already advised the landlord to seek an ejection order against poor Mr. Lester, but at the council meeting one or two councillors were public-spirited enough to suggest that this was harsh and unreasonable.

They pointed out that Mr Lester, his wife and family would be forced into the workhouse as a result.

Families torn apart

Those were no idle words. In the local workhouse at this moment are a man, his wife and three children who were turned out of their home and could not find another.

They are therefore compelled to submit tc the indignities of the Poor Law—and to be separated from each other—merely because the council has failed in its duty.

Yet the objecting councillors were told that Mr. Lester's fate was a matter for the magistrates. One councillor who suggested the obvious remedy of building houses for such shockingly overcrowded people was accused of "back-chat" by the chairman and ordered to sit down.

Waiting—for what?

Yet, despite this shortage of houses, the council has built only eight in recent years!

That was three years ago. It agreed to build another eight last year, but no one has ever seen them.

It is still considering the situation—and is presumably waiting for Doomsday before it will succeed in making up its mind.

Why not compulsion?

That terrible state of affairs, we repeat, is not confined to Horncastle. It exists in innumerable towns and villages.

That is why we are such hard critics of the Ministry of Health's new slum-clearance scheme. We know that most local councils will continue to shirk their plain duty.

In a word, they will not build until they are compelled to. Why, then, does not the Ministry make them build?

Fighting on

We pass from the most heartless housing muddle to the Empire's worst emigration scandal, which, we are told, has been ended. There are politicians and officials in Britain and Australia who must heartily wish this were true.

Let us assure them it is not.

That is why JOHN BULL, alone among the British Press in exposing time and again the fraud on British settlers in Victoria, will continue its criticisms.

Shameful betrayal

Those settlers were grossly deceived and betrayed Now the Victoria Government is to pay £400,000 in compensation to 350 families and to resettle other families under improved conditions!

But what of the thousands of other people who were defrauded, of those who were driven mad or forced by their sufferings into hospitals or workhouses when, somehow, they struggled back into this country?

Homeless . . . the only vacant rooms they can find are in the workhouse

The next move?

When the scheme was first launched to emigrate 10,000 families, we revealed that they were being induced to buy land in a wilderness. Our statements were denied in the Parliaments of Britain and Victoria.

At last the truth of our allegations is being admitted.

We say now that the "compensation" is little better than a device to save the faces of the quaking culprits in high office. What have the authorities to reply to this?

Loyalty—aged ninety

For a very human reason we regret the passing of a ninety-year-old Richmond woman, Mrs. Tyler.

Her daughter has been blind for thirty years, her son for six years. Despite her age, Mrs. Tyler cooked all their meals and did the housework, read to them and led them when they wished to go out.

It would be hard to beat that example of devotion.

The young idea

Let us turn from age to youth.

We could have understood if Eileen Barnard, of Sunderland, had lost her head on waking in a blazing room, for she is only fourteen.

But she roused her mother, sister and aunt, tried to descend the burning staircase, then helped mother out of a window, climbed down a waterpipe, fetched a ladder, and so rescued the whole family.

Sunderland should be proud of Eileen.

Shining example

While for a fine example of comradeship let us pass to the Chester Police Force.

A constable was lying dangerously ill in hospital and the doctors appealed for blood to save him.

Within a few hours every available member of the Force had presented himself at the hospital—most of them going direct from duty.

The unwanted child

Too many children are daily being packed into institutions on the plea that they are "mentally defective."

That is why we regard with mixed feelings a measure that may give magistrates a further pretext for locking youngsters away for years and perhaps for life.

This danger, we hope, will be borne in mind by the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child, which is preparing a Bill to allow illegitimate children in certain cases to be made wards of the children's courts.

The council has done good work, but it should avoid handing these children to red-taped officialdom.

Standing room only?

A reader took his invalid wife to a Cardiff kinema. He was quite willing to leave her chair outside, but was told that his wife could not possibly be admitted.

Well, we know there are quite a lot of disabled ex-Service men in Cardiff. Are they also to be deprived of a little pleasure? And why?

Then and now

We were amazed to see that a newspaper reporter was turned out of a court martial at Catterick not by the military but the civil police. They said he had no authority to be on military ground.

But as the court did not object to his presence, we should like to know why the police butted in. We don't remember any objection to civilians being in military enclosures round about 1914-18.

New bathing peril

Make the seaside safer for bathers. We said that last week. We repeat it this. An incredibly stupid and perilous practice permitted at Eastbourne gives us good reason for doing so.

There, the other day, a whole fleet of surf boats was suddenly let loose among bathers.

Many of these bathers were immediately torpedoed from all angles by the sharp wooden-nosed floats of this surf armada, which, manned by anybody who fancied himself or herself an expert at this pastime, soon got completely out of control.

Belated wisdom

Not till several people complained of injury and the council's bathing tent pocket looked like being adversely affected, was anything done to keep the armada clear of the swimmers.

The victims might well wonder why the eyes of those responsible for the management of the beach amusements weren't wide open before injury had been done.

Out of the swim

And tens of thousands of people must wonder why so many inland towns neglect the swimmer. Hardly one of the great new London suburbs, for instance, has a covered-in bath; a few have ponds that are useless for most of the year.

That is true of scores of important places throughout the kingdom. And far too few towns provide swimming lessons for schoolchildren.

The dirty English way!

Again, most public swimming baths are wrongly designed. Entrance to the dressing cubicles face the water, so that people have to walk along the wet edge straight from the street—with their shoes depositing dirt and germs that bare-footed bathers will take into the bath water.

Then, too, some people think the bath is also for cleansing. In some Continental baths all would-be bathers have first to wash with antiseptic soap—an idea that Britain might well consider.

A cricket plague

However, we all know that health is not considered highly important by most of our authorities.

Because the local council won't spend £100, the village of Kingswinford, Staffs, is overwhelmed by hosts of crickets. They are found even in the beds, and some people have caught nearly two hundred a day. They come from the council's refuse tip, which provided a plague of flies last year, but the council will neither close the dump nor spray it with disinfectants.

We should like to dynamite the councillors.

They lead

By way of contrast, let us thank the Torquay Corporation for buying seven miles of near-by coast and so saving from the jerry-builder a stretch of Britain's loveliest scenery.

It was only recently that Torquay bought the approach to the famous beauty centre of Cockington.

So Torquay is leading. Will other councils follow.

How many more?

The decent, careful motorist seems to have a harder time than drunken drivers and car bandits. A Manchester man has been fined for repairing his motor-cycle in a side street—the summons being issued under an Act of 1844.

How many more frippery "offences" are to worry the ordinary driver? And cannot the police find something better to do?

Trenchard again

What we fear is that such trumpery cases may increase in London as a result of Lord Trenchard's threat to stop the "efficiency pay" of hundreds of policemen unless they are "more energetic."

That means only one thing—those officers will have to produce more charges and summonses or lose their bonus. What we really want are more worth-while arrests and fewer petty summonses.

Impudence

Fifty cigarettes of a well-known brand for one shilling!

It sounds too good to be true—and so it is. Readers who have sent their shillings have merely received in return four coupons which must be sold at 6d. each before the cigarettes are sent.

The firm working this particularly annoying "snowball scheme" is the Empire Tobacco Co., of Westfield Terrace, Sheffield. The sooner it changes its methods the sooner we shall like it.

Crocodile tears?

We see that George Jarrard broke down and wept in the Old Bailey when he was sent to jail for twelve months and his colleague, Simon Seelig, to eighteen months. But we were glad.

For we had told—in January last—how these two rogues were defrauding unemployed men by the old employment-with-investment trick.

Yes, we have good reason for being pleased that they will be otherwise engaged for some time to come.

Very old lag

But we can't help feeling a little sorry for Thomas Williams, who has been sentenced at Wolverhampton to six months in jail for stealing a purse.

He is aged seventy-seven—and the prison sentences he has received total 77½ years! Nearly sixty years of his life have actually been spent behind the bars.

Our prison system has failed, declares a Home Office expert. Thomas Williams is a melancholy proof of that statement.

The GREATEST CHAMPION of PEACE

Hats Off to Uncle

by

A. W. J. Greenwood

President of the Oxford Union, Summer, 1933

I THINK I represent a very large majority of the young men of to-day when I say that Mr. Arthur Henderson seems to have been given (by the Press in particular) far too little credit for his recent tour of the capitals of Europe in the interests of World Peace.

Anyone would imagine from reading the curt, bald comments on his return to London that he had been a dire and dismal failure. One newspaper even went to the length of calculating that Mr. Henderson's Pilgrimage of Peace had cost the vast sum of £200—"a vain but costly odyssey," it called it. Fancy, £200 begrudged for such a magnificent personal effort to bring the world to its senses!

Now, whatever the success of that pilgrimage—and until the Disarmament Conference meets again it is impossible to say what measure of success it has had—Mr. Henderson deserves our deepest thanks for the personal effort he has made to convert the Governments of Europe to sanity. The newspapers would do well to turn their belittling criticism to the delegates to the Conference who make so little effort to bring it to a successful conclusion.

Saying little . .

MR. HENDERSON'S peace tour was a journey which might have filled a much younger man with foreboding; but he undertook it because he believed it to be his duty to the human race to do so. Other statesmen would speak of leaving no stone unturned, and exploring every avenue, or about the future of the world being in their hands. Mr. Henderson says nothing. He does things without talking about them.

On his tour he reminded me rather of Ralph Hodgson's poem about Time:

> "Last week in Babylon,
> Last night in Rome,
> Morning, and in the crush
> Under Paul's Dome . . ."

Even to compare him with Time is perhaps not so very inaccurate. When the rest of us have passed away, and our names are forgotten, when even the Prime Minister, by that time deflated, is relegated to the obscurity which I have no doubt posterity will accord to him, Mr. Henderson's name will be remembered throughout the world both for what he accomplished and for what he attempted.

If he is successful in his work at Geneva there will be hardly a young man in the world, saved from being plunged into a holocaust of destruction in the prime of his life, who will not bless the day when the nations elected him their leader.

I have before me as I write a book which is well worth reading—"The Problem of Disarmament," edited by Schmidt and Grabowsky. It is one of the most tragic and heartrending books I have read. It cries of French mistrust of Germany and of German mistrust of France, of broken promises and of schemes for disarmament which were at the best only half-hearted, of weeks of sterile discussion.

Half-hearted

THE history of the Disarmament Conference has been the same. The nations have refused to meet on friendly terms of confidence and trust. They have quibbled among themselves. They have refused to make sacrifices. The defence of air bombing put up by our own Government was one of the most dishonourable episodes in the history of our country.

It is not without reason that the peoples are beginning to wonder when something is going to happen and whether the Governments really want disarmament.

From the very beginning of the Conference, Mr. Henderson has been handicapped not merely by the open hostility of quite a number of important people, but by the uncertain support of half-hearted friends.

It is problematical in the extreme whether a Government like our own, whose members have shares in armament firms, and a Church like the Church of England, whose priests are prepared to augment their stipends from the traffic in the weapons of death and destruction, can be very powerful forces in the struggle for Peace.

War or peace?

BUT in spite of all opposition and handicaps, Mr. Henderson has struggled on. At times it has not been entirely without misgivings. When the Conference last adjourned he felt it necessary to speak in the following terms:

"The delegations," he said, "realise that they must now choose between disarmament and rearmament, between constructive international collaboration and a course which leads to destruction, between a future of peace and order and a future of war and chaos for the world."

The delegations may perhaps *realise* this, but few of them seem prepared to act upon their realisation.

Apart from Mr. Henderson's own speeches from the chair and his contention that wars never settle anything, but only produce more wars, Mr. Litvinov alone appears to have contributed anything to the discussion.

"The only infallible way," he told the Conference, "to the solution of the problem of the organisation of peace, the problem of the averting of war, the problem of assuring security to all nations, is general and total disarmament."

Such statements have once again kindled hope in the hearts of millions who have been dispirited by the shameless equivocation and procrastination of the British Government.

Mr. Baldwin's much-boosted speech on Armistice Day last year is well known. "I do not think we have seen the last Great War," he said—fifteen years after the War to end Wars.

Whatever Mr. Baldwin himself may think, the policy of his Government does not suggest any undue apprehension as to the future safety of the human race.

"If success is possible, he is the man to achieve it. Let us wish him good luck . . ."

Every statesman and every politician seems aware of the dangers of another war, but Mr. Henderson alone is fighting to prevent it taking place.

Less than two months after Mr. Baldwin's speech Lord Halsbury wrote: "War on a large scale to-day would mean a conflict in which masses of civilians were blotted out in scarcely conceivable conditions of horror. It would be a war in which civilisation as we know it might be utterly destroyed. One single bomb filled with modern asphyxiant gas would kill everybody in an area from Regent's Park to the Thames."

Terrible toll

IT is difficult to conceive of all the horrors of another war. We know what happened in the last war. It cost the lives of over six million soldiers from Britain, Germany, France, Austria and Italy alone, and Professor Hersch, a distinguished Swiss expert, has estimated that it was responsible for over twenty-eight million deaths among the civil population. How much worse will the next war be, after fifteen years of State-aided research into new methods of torturing our fellow-men?

It seems extraordinary that, faced with the horrors we know would come with another war and our knowledge of the cruelty of the last, the Governments should be afraid to make sacrifices and to take risks for peace, for the peoples of the world really desire disarmament.

They, and particularly the young people, are grateful to Mr. Henderson for the work he is doing *for us*. After all, it matters little to him personally whether he succeeds or fails in establishing a lasting peace.

Whatever happens he can sit back, secure in the knowledge that he at least has done all that there was to be done, and legitimately proud at having done it.

The right man

IT is for you and me, for the common people of the world, that he is working.

"If success escapes us," said M. Tardieu, "it will be . . . a catastrophe."

"Failure now means nothing short of an unmeasured calamity," said Sir John Simon.

Yet, in spite of the sententiousness of these statesmen, it is Mr. Henderson alone who has kept the Conference alive. He knows as well as we know that failure now will be written in blood on the pages of history—*and it will be our blood.*

But if it fails, the responsibility will have passed from his hands. Where individuals are concerned there are failures which are prouder and more noble than a score of victories.

One thing is certain. If success is possible Mr. Henderson is the man to achieve it. Let us wish him good luck and good health to carry his great work to success.

Ambassador

Viscount Chilston, newly appointed British Ambassador to Moscow

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when the appointment to be British Ambassador to Russia was rightly regarded as the "plum" of the British Diplomatic Service.

It was the ambition of every gilded youth who entered that dignified and decorative calling to achieve, at some distantly future date, the magnificent ambassadorial crown as the King's representative in St. Petersburg.

Here was the glittering Court of the Tsars of All the Russias, the dazzling society of Princes and Grand Dukes, the brilliant society of the Muscovite capital, with its scintillating "intelligentsia" of letters and art.

The Diplomatic Corps of St. Petersburg was the grandest in Europe; in its centre, the British Ambassador was always its most distinguished and important figure.

Difficult, dangerous

Diplomacy in those days was a calm, leisurely calling. Issues of international importance, no matter how grave, were dealt with by the nation's Plenipotentiaries, in careful, unhurried fashion, with dignity and restraint. At all times, no matter how critical, diplomatic etiquette was strictly and punctiliously observed.

The Ambassador was considered and always treated as the personal representative of his Sovereign, and himself, in his official capacity, was accorded regal respect and honours. An affront to his person would have been regarded as a directly "unfriendly act" to his King and country, carrying with it the certainty of grave international crisis and the possibility of war itself.

To-day, the British Embassy in Russia, now the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, is far from being the "plum" of our Diplomatic Service. It is rather the thorn or the cactus of Foreign Office appointments. Ambitious young diplomats now regard it as a dangerous and difficult rung of the diplomatic ladder, to be avoided rather than grasped.

Whereas in former more tranquil days the ambassadorship to Russia was the much-sought-for reward of long and distinguished service in foreign capitals, awarded usually in strict rotation by way of promotion, nowadays the British Secretary of State has a task of considerable difficulty to find a diplomat of sufficient standing and ability who has the courage to accept a post which is not only of supreme difficulty, but bristles with difficulties, both personal and diplomatic.

The man who agrees to go to Moscow as His Majesty's Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary must be a man of iron nerve, consummate ability and resolute courage. He takes in his hands not only his career as a diplomat, but the risk that unexpected difficulties may see a sudden and dramatic end to his office.

From this point of view the offer a few days ago of the Embassy at Moscow to Viscount Chilston is a tribute to diplomatic ability of the highest rank. His acceptance of the post marks him as a man of outstanding courage. Time alone will tell whether he can safely navigate the shoals that lie in front of him, or whether, like his predecessors, he will be shipwrecked.

The story of Britain's diplomatic representatives in Soviet Russia is both tragic and romantic, a tale as grim and exciting as an epic of fiction—and as strange.

Fleeing diplomats

The fall of the Romanoff Tsars, culminating in the murder of Nicholas II, his Empress, the Crown Prince and his young sisters, in the cold, dark cellars of a small Siberian town, saw the end of St. Petersburg as the capital of Russia.

With it went the brilliant diplomatic circle scattered to the four winds. The Ambassadors fled to their respective countries, carrying with them the last remnants of the glories of pre-War days. The last to go was Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador, who remained at his post until the Bolshevik Revolution, with its hostility to the War, made his position precarious and untenable.

The British Embassy in Petrograd, as St. Petersburg was called after the abdication and flight of the Tsar, was left in charge of a skeleton staff of junior officials, naval and military officers, with their wives and families.

In August, 1918, the head of the small band of Britons left to safeguard British interests in revolutionary Russia and protect those of the Allies was Captain Cromie, a submarine commander, who had distinguished himself in the German siege of the Gulf of Finland.

To prevent the advance of the German forces he was obliged to sink his submarines off Helsingfors. He retired to Petrograd, where his duty was to prevent the advancing enemy from capturing Russian war vessels at Cronstadt and to prevent the seizure of British merchant shipping held up in the locks at Petrograd.

Cromie became the British Envoy, though in actual fact no official appointment of a successor to Sir George Buchanan had been made.

Man they hated

Cromie's position was dangerous and difficult. The British Embassy was the centre to which all anti-Bolshevik elements flocked for refuge, help and advice. Russians, fleeing from the terrors of arrest and the perils of imprisonment, flocked to the Embassy in preference to all the other offices of foreign countries, to seek aid in escaping from Russia.

To the Bolshevik authorities themselves, the British Embassy was alleged to be the fountain-head of anti-revolutionary intrigue, as well as the centre of espionage.

The Embassy building was under constant supervision. Police spies and military agents continually haunted its precincts. Cromie himself was the especial target of Bolshevik suspicion and hatred.

On a dark night in August, 1918, a large force of uniformed men, armed to the teeth, surrounded the Embassy. No one was allowed to enter or leave.

Suddenly a number of them, headed by an officer, rushed into the building, revolvers in hand, bent on raiding the premises. It is alleged that on entering they fired at the panic-stricken occupants who included a number of women.

Shot in the back

Cromie himself appeared at the head of the stairs, ready to defend the Embassy—English territory, sanctified by immemorial international law and custom as inviolable—and to protect its inmates under his charge.

Observing the shooting of the raiders, he fired his revolver into them. A moment later he fell dead, shot in the back from the first floor landing as he was going down the stairs towards the street door. His body rolled down the stairs to the bottom. His own shots killed one of the raiders, who staggered through the half-opened door of the chancellery and fell dying at the foot of a writing-table.

In the panic which followed, the raiders ransacked the Embassy, and, it is alleged, seized papers and documents from the archives—an act unprecedented in diplomatic history.

The Bolshevik Government denied this, as it has since denied that the raid was carried out either by its authority or with its consent.

Whatever is the truth, Cromie's death is regarded as the most heroic, as well as the most tragic, episode in British diplomacy.

The horror which Cromie's death aroused, coupled with the inevitable antagonism between Britain and Soviet

Left—Sir Esmond Ovey: "He said his departure would only be temporary, but there was shaking of heads." Right—Sir Robert Hodgson: "His post a simmering volcano which was not long in erupting"

The Thing She Remembered

ONE of the sages once wrote something to the effect that nobody in this world is indispensable. He reckoned without Miss Ada Mitchell, of Westbury, Dorset.

Ask her mother, aged seventy-four, to whom she is guardian, nurse, housekeeper and adviser in one. Or the seven other members of her family, several of them children, for whom she does all the housework, cooking and washing.

They have always declared that they daren't stop to think what would happen if anything befell Ada, who, at fifty-two, has grown more youthful if anything in the service of others.

Quite recently the thing the family feared as much as anything happened. From the staircase where she was working came an awful crash. Then there was silence. The fairy godmother of the establishment had fallen down the stairs.

They found her with her arm broken, trying hard to be brave and cheerful, although suffering considerable pain.

As terrible a moment for the other members of the family as for her herself. For people like Miss Ada cannot be replaced, and even substitutes have to be paid their wages and keep. And money isn't always waiting idle when the emergency comes.

But it was then that she had one of her bright thoughts, as she always does.

"Do you remember that coupon I once sent away to JOHN BULL?" she asked. They did, of course. There is a similar one to-day on page 34.

"Well, that solves all our problems," she continued. "Even with one arm out of use I can still sort of supervise things, and the money that will come to us will get our work done, pay the doctor, and buy us the extras we will need in this crisis as well."

It worked out just as she said.

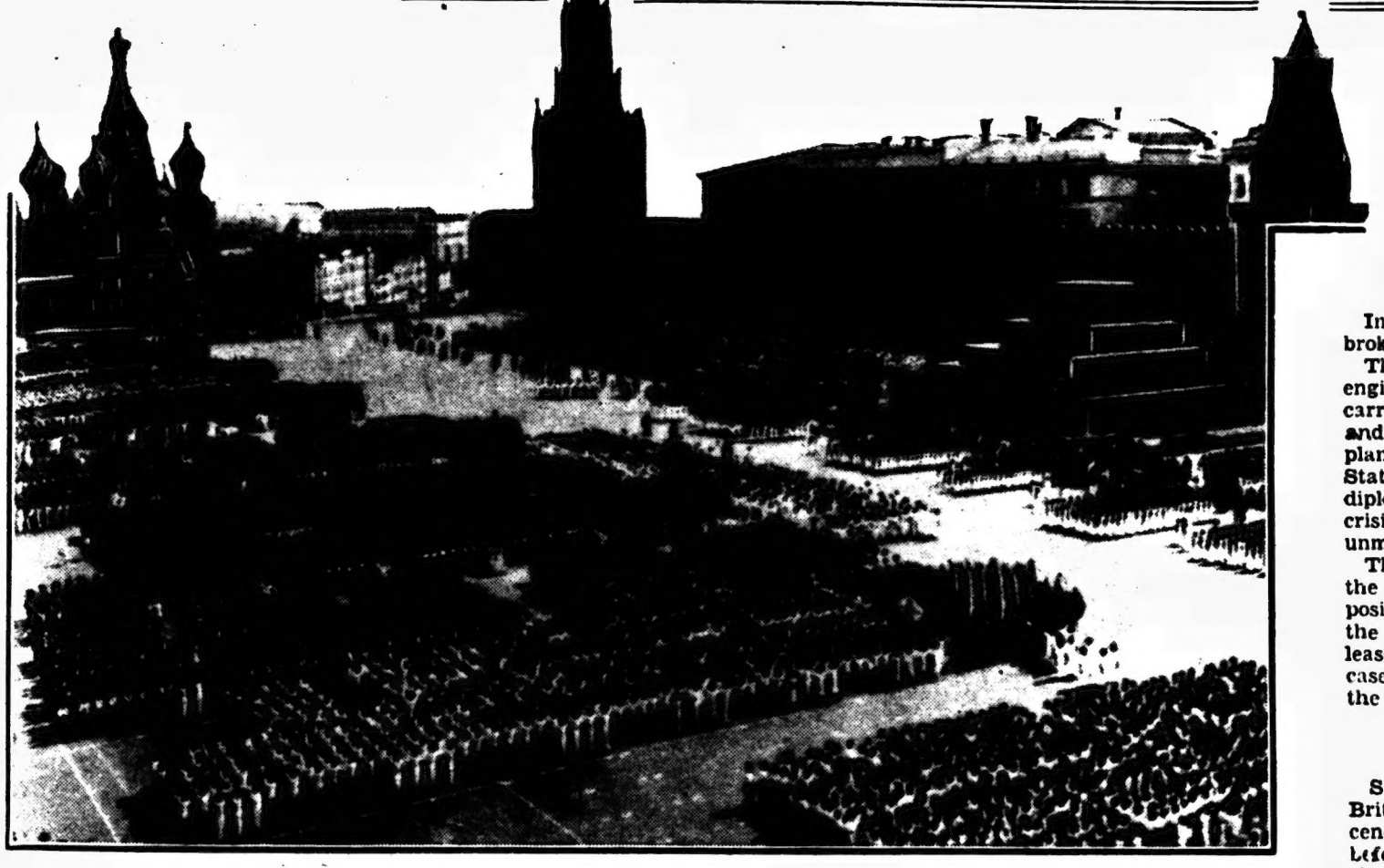
And her first act, when she was getting well and preparing to take up the reins of the household again, was to write a letter to us declaring: "I shall always say 'God bless JOHN BULL.'"

Which was just like Ada, passing the credit on to others. Indispensable people who live to help others usually do that.

For it is "God bless Ada," really, as her family will tell you. All credit to her for taking the precaution, in a very busy life, of giving her family the protection that stood them in such good service when disaster came.

to MOSCOW..

The Trickiest Job in the World



Red Square, Moscow. On the left are the domes of the Kremlin and on the right Lenin's tomb

Russia, ended for a long time all diplomatic intercourse between the two countries.

Shortly after the tragedy of Petrograd, the seat of the Bolshevik Government was removed to Moscow. Here only a bare nucleus of a British diplomatic representation was maintained. British interests were watched over by Mr. Bruce Lockhart, a business man who had lived in Russia for many years. His tenure of office as unofficial British envoy was marked by an astounding series of dramatic incidents. Mr. Lockhart courageously held to his task in face of violent attacks and hostility by the Bolshevik authorities.

Espionage accusation

He was openly accused of espionage and of fomenting counter-revolution against the Soviet. He was repeatedly accused of harbouring spies working against the Bolshevik Government, and was charged with a close connection with Captain Sidney Reilly, an Irish "soldier of fortune," declared to be a master spy in the pay of Britain and other countries, who was later said to have been murdered by Bolshevik agents as he was crossing the Russian frontier.

At any rate, he disappeared and his fate has never been known.

Mr. Lockhart himself was on several occasions "detained" by the O.G.P.U., the secret police who had succeeded the Cheka, and eventually was arrested and imprisoned in the dreaded Lubianka prison of Moscow. He was subsequently released and expelled from Russia.

The relations between Britain and the Soviet became increasingly strained following this, the second dramatic end to political intercourse between the two countries since the War.

Until February, 1924, the British Government declined to appoint an official representative in Moscow. Maybe there were difficulties in securing an applicant for this hornet's nest of diplomacy.

In any case, Britain had severed official relations with the Bolshevik State, and not until the advent of the first Labour Government in this country, in January, 1924, were they resumed. Even then it was decided to appoint only a Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow.

The appointment was offered to and accepted by Sir (then Mr.) Robert MacLeod Hodgson. He entered upon his duties in an atmosphere, if not actually hostile to him, at all events decidedly frigid in character.

His post was, however, but a simmering volcano which was not long in erupting. A few months had barely elapsed before he was being virulently attacked and scarcely-veiled accusations of espionage were being hurled at him even in the highest political quarters in Moscow.

Numerous reports reached this country that he was being treated as "a suspicious character" and that he was "practically a prisoner" in the British Embassy. These reports were officially described as without foundation, but it was an undoubted fact that his position as head of the British Diplomatic Service in Russia became from day to day more delicate and even hazardous.

Despite the resumption of relations, the intercourse between the two nations was disintegrating into renewed coldness, and threatening to become openly hostile.

Unbearable

Soviet Russia was being openly accused of anti-British propaganda and of fomenting revolution in this country. Britain, on the other hand, was being charged with encouraging hostility to the Soviet and with designs to wreck her politically and economically.

As the centre of this international tug-of-war, Hodgson's position was nerve-racking to the point of becoming unbearable. All his movements were shadowed by the Russian political police, and in December, 1925, it was reported that the Soviet, believing that the Chargé d'Affaires was in possession of documents compromising its administration, suborned an employee at the British Legation to cause an explosion there.

The idea was, it is stated, that in the confusion officials of the O.G.P.U. could seize the documents they wanted. But at the last moment the employee's courage failed him and he is alleged to have confessed to the plot.

This was the first clear sign of the storm that was soon to burst, but had been long impending.

That Red Letter

During the election following the collapse of our first Labour Government, the bombshell of the notorious Zinovieff letter—the "Red Letter"—was flung into the British political arena. The crash hurled the Labour Party out of power, and on the succession of a Conservative Government diplomatic relations with Russia were doomed.

Sir Robert Hodgson continued in office, daily more exacting, until 1927, when he resigned.

For two years the British Government remained without a first rank representative in Moscow. In June, 1929, Labour returned to power at Westminster, and in December relations with Russia were reopened. This time Moscow was reinstated as a first-class diplomatic post, with the British representative as Ambassador.

The search for a suitable occupant of the little-sought-after and most difficult of all the Embassies resulted in the selection of Sir Esmond Ovey, Britain's "long-range" diplomat, who had served as Minister to Persia and was then head of the British Legation in far-off Mexico.

Sir Esmond was regarded as a mild man, an able but not unduly distinguished member of the Diplomatic Service, whose record was one of efficient but mainly decorative ability, tactful, cautious, discreet, and not easily perturbed.

Sir Esmond reigned in comparative tranquillity until the beginning of this year He was popular in Russian circles, pursued his thorny path with dignity, and successfully steered his diplomatic ship through the Soviet seas, calm on the surface but perpetually disturbed underneath.

In March, the next Soviet hurricane broke over his tranquil head.

The arrest of the Metropolitan Vickers engineers in Moscow, charged with carrying on espionage against the Soviet and with wrecking and sabotage of plant and machinery in the great Soviet State factories, came as a shock to the diplomatic world and was to prove a crisis in Sir Esmond's career, hitherto unmarred by an event so ominous.

The arrests involved the prestige of the British Government as well as the position of Ovey's embassy. To him fell the task of inducing the Soviet to release her captives, but to her, too, the case became a question of prestige and the evidence of her authority.

Open defiance

Sir Esmond became the mouthpiece of British anger and insistence on the innocence of its nationals. Their release before trial was strenuously demanded; the Soviet as adamantly refused.

Sir Esmond's conversations with M. Litvinoff, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, conveying the insistent demands of the British Government, became at first strained, then acrimonious. M. Litvinoff hurled a sharp taunt at the head of the mild Sir Esmond. "This is not Mexico," he told him—a sarcastic reference to the British Ambassador's previous post, an open defiance of Britain's demands, as well as a caustic emphasis on the independence and strength of the Soviet Republic.

Sir Esmond Ovey failed to dissuade the Russian Government from its determination to proceed with its "test case" against the British officials, and suddenly he was invited to return to London and explain the position to his Government.

Sir Esmond gathered his papers and took the train from Moscow. At the station his colleagues and friends took farewell to him with the obvious feeling that his departure was final. The Ambassador himself announced that his absence would only be temporary, but there was shaking of heads.

The doubts were substantial, for the situation was both unprecedented and difficult. There were renewed calls for a breach of relations.

Sir Esmond remained in London, still British Ambassador to the Soviet. Meantime, the trial of the engineers proceeded amid a blaze of publicity; there were acquittals and sentences. Britain imposed an embargo on Russian goods; Russia retaliated. Months passed. The imprisoned engineers were released; the embargoes were relaxed.

Last week, like a bolt from the blue, came the announcement that a new British Ambassador to Moscow had been appointed, though, so far as is known, Sir Esmond Ovey had never resigned.

Viscount Chilston, the elegant, suave, dapper British Minister in Budapest, now goes to the hurricane belt of Soviet diplomacy—to be British Ambassador to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the "trickiest" post in the whole diplomatic world.

Look After the LIVING —not the DEAD

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to The Poet Laureate

DEAR JOHN MASEFIELD,—I heard you, in most romantic circumstances, make, the other day, one of those platitudinous, if charming, speeches with which poets are in the habit of unburdening themselves, and sometimes burdening other people, when they are called upon for public utterance.

You presented a vivid contrast with your surroundings. You were the Poet Laureate of England speaking in a concert hall which could hold over 11,000 people if it were full. You were dressed, most conventionally, in a well-fitting tail coat and light waistcoat, whereas behind you were grouped the Gorsedd

The Bards of Wales were there, the preachers in white, the poets in blue, and the professors in green. You belonged so obviously to the twentieth century They seemed to have stepped out of the prehistoric past.

They gave you a great ovation. You have deserved it in your time, although now, having become Poet Laureate of England, you are, I am afraid, behaving like most of the others. I mean, you have discarded the habit of writing poetry of a standard high enough to have earned for you such a position.

You reminded us of the travail in which the poet's genius is born. You spoke of how Byron and Shelley, Keats and others in the direct line had been disillusioned. You spoke of the drugs to which poets have resorted, and of the early deaths to which they succumbed.

Then it became your pleasant task to greet the newly-crowned Bard. You were a sailor who served before the mast, and who afterwards, as you once told me, swabbed the floor in a New York saloon. The Bard was a sailor, too. He had sailed before the mast and then became a preacher. You had written of your seafaring—and so had he.

In that way you won the Laureateship of England. In that same way, he had won the bardic prize of Wales.

I did not think, as I saw you, that we ought to invent a dress something like the robes of a Bard with which to dignify the mien of the Poet Laureate, for, frankly, I would rather that the Poet Laureateship were abandoned altogether. It conventionalises too much. It tends to make poetry too respectable.

What was in my mind was that, in England, poetry, to-day, like many things, is either commercial, or a "social success," or highbrow swank above the heads of most of the ordinary people.

In the Wales which acclaimed you, as I watched, poetry is part of the life of the humble folk in the towns and in the villages. They may not do it very well, most of them. But they do it.

They write their own verse. They dream their own dreams. They fly, sometimes dangerously, into the air of their own imaginings.

The tragedies still go on. Some poets still die of drink. Some of them still perish of semi-starvation.

They are acclaimed. They win a chair at an eisteddfod, perhaps, every now and then. But there is nothing in it beyond the occasional chairing, and then much neglect and penury.

You might do poets a great service, with your influence, your keen sense of justice, and your power with a pen. You could call the world's attention to some of these tragedies.

Behind you, when you spoke, was Elved, once the Archdruid, and really the Rev. Elvet Lewis, the "Poet Preacher of Wales," and author of many hymns which will be sung long after he has passed on. He is beloved right across Wales—and he can draw great crowds whenever he preaches, in London or in Wales.

But there is also Huw Menai, for instance. That is his poetic name. Otherwise, he is Hugh Williams, an unemployed miner. I received his new volume of verse, a few weeks ago. It was his third! Yet he is still an unemployed miner, with a large family and no reward except that his fellow-countrymen know his name.

You, with your power, can establish such a man as this. When, over fourteen years ago, his first book reached a publisher, the reader—I believe it was Robertson Nicoll—said of it: "This man is a genius. In his best work there is no echo, no reminiscence, nothing but staggering originality. He is a literary discovery and I am completely startled."

Hugh Williams called that volume "Through the Upcast Shaft." He was a miner, you see, and through the upcast shaft he could sometimes see the stars even in the day time.

But when, the other month, his third book came out, it was called "Back in the Return." The "return," in a mine, is the shaft through which the foul air passes.

You see, over a dozen years had passed and nothing had happened. Praise, acclaim, laudatory criticism—all that had come Hugh Williams' way. But he could get no work to do.

Near where he lives, there is the town of Ton Pentre, where most of the people are just miners, and where the mines are all practically closed.

* * *

Yet this man, when hearing a parson friend of mine introducing him, one night, before he lectured, speak of the praise his work had received, wrote this, in a few minutes, and recited it:

The honeyed words of critics in this world of little things
Have not for me the value of a swallow's twitterings;
And I am glad the money mad, though bruising flesh and bone,
Can never make the linnet sing a song that's not its own

Why, Mr. Poet Laureate, must we still hear of the terrible tragedy of all the poets who have long been dead? Why must we be told of the humiliations endured by genius which lived a century or more ago?

Why cannot we rouse the nation's conscience to the neglect now being suffered in our own time by people of genius?

Here is a task worthy of a man like you. So forget the dead a little, next time, and remember the living.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.M. THE KING,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR MAJESTY,—From a small experiment in flax-growing on your Sandringham estate an extensive industry has grown up in this country; so that Belgium, hitherto the home of flax, will this year have to take second place.

May I voice the public's thanks for your enterprise, particularly as it is shown during a depression that seems to have blunted the enterprise of so many business and political leaders?

JOHN BULL.

LORD JELLICOE,
Princes Gardens, London, S.W.

DEAR LORD JELLICOE,—You were quite right, of course, in pointing out that we have far fewer battleships than before the war.

But as to your sweeping suggestion that we should "return to safety" by building a lot more, have you thought that other countries would do the same, leaving us no more secure and nearly bankrupt? JOHN BULL.

Mrs. NICHOLS, Leicester: Though sixty-nine you fought off two mad bulldogs that attacked your daughter. One of bulldog breed yourself, evidently.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. D. SANDERS,
British Social Hygiene Council

DEAR SIR,—The cheap holiday camps for unemployed men are an immense boon. But you say many wives raise objections—one even cleaned the grate with her husband's new trousers to prevent him going—for they think they should not be left alone to carry on while their husbands are enjoying themselves.

A very human argument that can only be upset by providing mixed holiday camps. JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAROLD LARWOOD,
Nottingham

DEAR LARWOOD,—It is really tragic news that you will probably never again bowl fast so badly injured was your foot by the hard Australian wickets, and you can be assured of the sympathy of the whole public.

But I refuse to believe that your career is finished at the age of twenty-eight.

You are a brilliant batsman and a good medium bowler, and I expect to see you again playing for England.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN HENRY SCRIBBANS,
Sutton Coldfield

DEAR JOHN,—"You can't take me, I'm a millionaire," you told a policeman after you had rammed a house with your Rolls-Royce.

While you kicked, struggled and abused, you shouted to a lorry driver, "I'm a millionaire—will you help me?"

By now you will have realised that your wealth makes no difference at all, for you have been fined £50 and disqualified from driving for the rest of your life. You are the only one who will regret the fact. JOHN BULL.

Sheriff MALCOLM,
Dundee

DEAR SIR,—When you had William Sampson before you for embezzling £109 while treasurer of a holiday fund, you blamed the losers of the money for entrusting it to one of their fellow-workers rather than to a bank or their employer.

I don't think faith in one's fellow-employees anything to be ashamed of.

I would rather blame the legislators who have not yet made compulsory the proper, thief-proof auditing of such funds.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON. — While most campers are decent folk, some have spoiled fine stretches of country.

I hope, therefore, that you will persuade the Government to support the Bill, now laid before you, which would regulate camp and caravan grounds and holiday huts.

And one day, perhaps, you could find time to deal with the wretched "bungaloid" towns that are still growing.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. WOODWARD,
Canewdon, Essex

DEAR VICAR,—To fulfil a woman's dying wish, you allowed her three mongrel dogs to be buried with her.

They had been previously buried in her garden, and had to be exhumed.

Well, there can be no doubt about your kindness, but your action recalls the old pagan rite of burying a dead man's goods with him.

In any case, sentimentality is out of keeping with true religion.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. ROWLAND,
Blackburn Coroner

DEAR CORONER,—I agree that to use as a mortuary a small wooden hut, only accessible by crossing two fields after a long tramp down a country road, shows no respect for the dead and precious little consideration for bereaved relatives.

Yet when you invited an inquest jury to support your protest, they declined. Perhaps they were annoyed because you made them do the journey to appreciate the feelings of others.

Apparently the only feelings they appreciated were their own.

JOHN BULL.

DANIEL McCRONE,
Greenheys, Manchester

DARING DAN,—You may fancy yourself as an amateur sleuth, but you were foolish to abuse real detectives when they questioned you about "peeping round corners and looking down dark entries."

And a woman said you followed her home and told her you were a detective.

You were bound over and fined £5, but pests of your sort deserve a heavier penalty. JOHN BULL.

Bailie TIITALAH,
Kelso, Roxburgh

DEAR SIR,—"A fearful case" was how you described the savage attack of four young men on a hawker, who was badly injured.

But you said you would be lenient, and so fined one £1 and the others only 7s. 6d.

What fearful leniency!

JOHN BULL.

Can Roosevelt Keep it up?

asks A. G. Gardiner

"He did not cry, 'All is over.' He cried, 'All hands to the pump'"

"WELL, sir, you will live in history either as the greatest President of the United States, or the worst," a recent visitor to President Roosevelt is reported as saying on taking his leave.

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Roosevelt. "I shall live in history as the greatest President, *or the last.*"

The remark hardly overstates the magnitude of the task on which Franklin Roosevelt has embarked. If he can bring it off, he will certainly be one of the most tremendous figures in history. He will have his place beside Washington and Lincoln.

If he fails, he will go down in the biggest shipwreck on record. There is no other visible alternative. America is either going to be vastly better or vastly worse, and the next few weeks will decide which it is to be.

There is no doubt where the world's sympathies lie. They are as definitely with Roosevelt as they are definitely against Hitler. Roosevelt is not dragooning a nation with whips and scorpions. He is trying to save its life without destroying its liberties.

The issue is hardly less vital to us and to the world at large than it is to the United States itself. If the United States crashes the whole globe will be strewn with the wreckage. If it recovers we shall all recover with it.

What are the prospects of Roosevelt's titanic struggle with the chaos that confronts him? Let us look first at the favourable factors.

The first is the man himself. He has astonished everyone — and not least those who know him best—by his power of action. Four years of Hoover's desolating inertia had brought America to despair, and on the morning that Roosevelt took office it seemed that all was over.

Every bank in the country had closed its doors and the whole machine of the national life had apparently collapsed.

Roosevelt leapt to the helm with magnificent courage. He did not cry "All is over." He cried, "All hands to the pump."

He went straight to the ears and hearts of the people. He won their confidence by the candour and directness of his appeal. He raised their spirits by the gaiety of his own.

He was bold

He revealed the gigantic power of the broadcast, and addressed himself to the nation with simple and winning intimacy. He explained everything and disguised nothing.

And he not only spoke plainly. He acted boldly. Some of his actions no doubt were wrong. He floundered badly over the World Economic Conference, changed his course in mid-stream, as it were.

But who would not make mistakes in such a stupendous whirl of circumstances? Who does not have to adjust his helm to the hurricane?

He had to keep the confidence of his people first. If he had lost that he would have lost everything. He has kept it, and that is the most hopeful fact in the outlook.

At the end of four critical months he has still behind him the momentum of a nation It is in dire distress and desperate straits. But its panic has subsided. It believes it has found the Man who will bring it through the storm, and that belief is half, perhaps more than half, the battle.

But the issue is still in the balance. Superficially the situation has improved under the impulse of Roosevelt's policy. That policy is to subordinate the currency issue to the revival of trade.

He aims at raising prices by cheapening money and at increasing employment by shortening hours of labour, and by mobilising the whole capitalistic system of the country into an attack on poverty and unemployment.

Millions of jobs

It is too soon to say that the tide has turned. But the rot has been stopped. Prices have gone up, unemployment has gone down at the rate of half a million a month.

Financial confidence is restored, and the remarkable success of the American loan is a striking illustration of the belief in Roosevelt. He asked for £100,000,000 of money, and it was oversubscribed six times.

This will encourage the President to embark on his big scheme of conversion and funding by which he will vastly reduce the debt charges of the nation. He has already made a huge cut of £100,000,000 at the scandalous mountain of war pensions which has been one of the chief burdens of the country.

This is not the only direction in which he has displayed his courage and decision of action.

When, under the influence of rising prices, Wall Street speculation threatened the world with another South Sea bubble of inflated market values, he pricked the bubble and brought back the market operations to a more reasonable level of prices.

In the same way he has shown wisdom in checking the depreciation of the dollar, whose fall had begun to fill the world with fears of an alarming currency war.

Bigger problem

He is armed with powers to depreciate the dollar to as much as 50 per cent., but so far he has not resorted to inflation, and with a great conversion scheme in view he is unlikely to upset the confidence of the country in the value of its currency.

If this were all we might entertain tolerable confidence that Roosevelt would win through. But it is not all. His measures for consolidating the financial position of the country are important and are succeeding. But behind the question of national finance is the vaster question of rehabilitating trade.

Although his powers are great, he has not the power which dictators like Mussolini, Stalin or Hitler have of revolutionising the economic life of the country by a wave of the hand or a scratch of the pen.

If he is to raise wages and shorten hours, he can only do it by the voluntary co-operation of his people. He has inaugurated a great "drive," organised by General Johnson, the Industrial Recovery Administrator, directed to roping in every industry in a scheme to fix higher wages, shorter hours of labour and increase employment.

The response has been impressive. The American public showed during the war a remarkable submissiveness to moral suasion. It will not stand "prohibition" by law, as it indicated in the case of the liquor trade, but a voluntary surrender in the national interests is accepted as an almost divine decree.

If it is not bowed to, the culprit, in General Johnson's phrase, is liable to "a sock on the jaw."

But economic facts are stubborn things. It remains to be seen whether a sort of voluntary socialism can be imposed on such a rigid individualistic and capitalistic society as that of the United States.

May he win!

And, if it is successfully imposed, it remains also to be seen whether it can function without wrecking that vast community of the small trader which constitutes the backbone of the American system.

This autumn will decide the fate of the "drive." In deciding that, it will also decide the fate of Roosevelt, and whether the United States is on the brink of recovery or on the brink of revolution.

The answer to that involves us all. For myself, I cherish a cautious confidence in the star of Roosevelt.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Edwin Mann, Dunmow Flitch Winner, on

True Love and Treacle

"EDWIN," my name is, surname
"Mann,"
A butler, I, by occupation;
But 'twas a part of Nature's plan
That I should stand before the nation
As one who's made of married life
A thing of bliss; I claimed election
As husband of a perfect wife—
Himself a symbol of perfection.

In joys connubial we're rich,
Our "bonds" through happy years we've hoarded;
And that is why the Dunmow Flitch
To us was cheerfully awarded.
Let those who'd to this height attain
Try to begin as I began, do
All that I've done the Flitch to gain—
For what Mann's done man surely can do!

I think I am right in assuming that the majority of the population is familiar with butlers only on the stage and the screen.

Those who see them in the theatre might think that butlers, apart from drawing the blinds while latecomers are charging and barging their way into the stalls, spend most of their time manufacturing epigrams.

As for Hollywood butlers, the chief duties required of one of them is to say, "Sure, Duchess," when his mistress orders round her hunter so that she may go grouse shooting, and to remember always to address a baronet as "Your Grace."

But butlers in real life are not at all like the strange creatures of reel life. And even though a butler's impressive appearance may make him resemble a public monument, this fact does not prevent his having a private existence.

And a butler's capacity for matrimonial felicity, in my case, at any rate, is greater than the average man's, for how many husbands—especially among the class which employs butlers—could conscientiously claim the Dunmow Flitch?

Of course, I do not suggest that the entire credit for having won the Flitch belongs to me. For just as it takes two to make a quarrel, it takes two to make matrimony a dream of bliss.

Our home is, so to speak, a Mann-made Eden, to which no serpents are admitted. Nor has either of us ever eaten of the apple of discord, as our tastes do not run in this direction.

My own taste, in fact, runs to treacle tart, and, as I explained to the Dunmow jury, it was with this that my wife, who is a cook, first won my heart.

Tart!
Treacle tart!
'Twas this sweet that won my heart,
As compounded by my sweetheart when a boy.
And, I must confess with meekness,
As a Mann I have a weakness
For it still, and hope the taste will never cloy.

Tart!
Treacle tart!
Though the dieticians dart
Angry looks, and talk of vitamins and write
In a vein enthusiastic
About spinach, something drastic
Will be needed to curtail my appetite.

Tart!
Treacle tart!
She and I will never part,
Since our pantry she can make Love's choicest nook!
All her art is of the neatest,
Home, sweet home is surely sweetest
When a gourmet is the husband of a cook!

In A Few Years- Will He Still Admire You?

You must think of the future — every woman must, where her complexion is at stake. Beware of face powders which clog and enlarge the pores, causing blackheads and pimples—which dry up the skin causing coarse, rough skin and premature wrinkles.

At last science has discovered a face powder which is *safe*. Poudre Tokalon is really a cream and a powder blended into one. The finest, lightest, air-floated powder is scientifically blended with Mousse of Cream. This prevents skin dryness and makes the powder stay on even in wind, rain and heat. A long evening's dancing in a hot ballroom will not impair the fresh loveliness it imparts.

Poudre Tokalon—triple silk-sifted—is the ideal face powder approved by leading skin specialists and beauty experts the world over. It gives marvellous fresh, youthful complexion beauty. Poudre Tokalon is the favourite of society and stage beauties, yet costs only 1/- a box.

GREAT 3-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT AGAIN.

Result of Crossword Competition

No. 223.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

A. G. DICKS,
46, Wells Street,
Cardiff,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 20s. a week for life, £200 in cash and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life, or one lump sum of £500.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 29th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 29 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £5 3s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

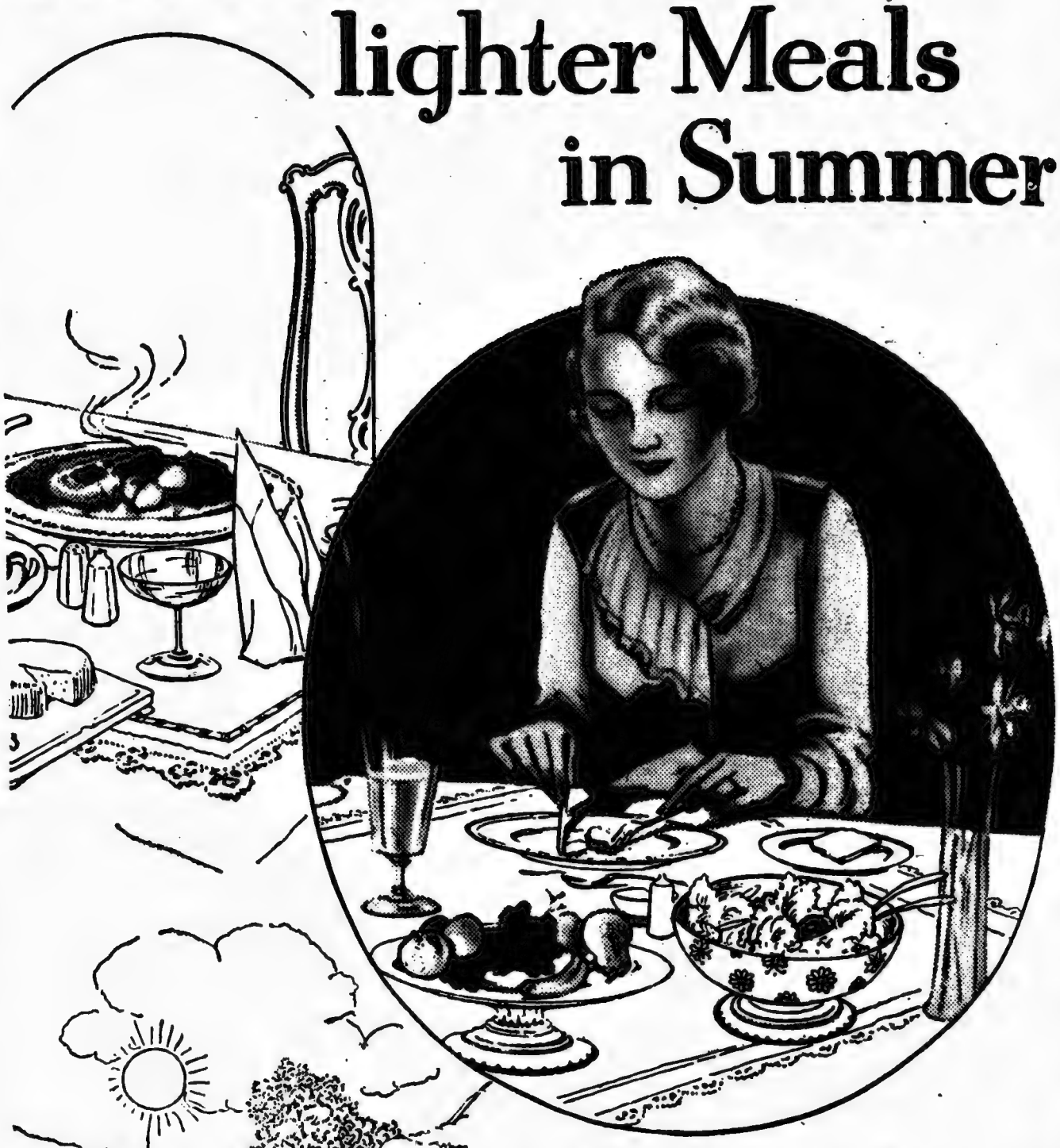
BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 221.—Thirty-nine competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £2 11s. 4d. will be despatched accordingly.

Try your skill in "John Bull's" Great Crossword on Page 32. A huge three-in-one prize and other cash awards must be won.

Send for this Free Gift Book.

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 27. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons.

You need lighter Meals in Summer



Let 'Ovaltine' make them adequate in nourishment

LIGHT summer meals do not provide sufficient energy-giving nourishment to make good the extra energy you expend. That is why you often feel tired and depressed during the summer months.

To make certain of obtaining all the energy-creating nourishment you require, drink "Ovaltine" with your meals. This delicious beverage makes even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

"Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new laid eggs from our own farms. It is rich in vitamins and other essential food properties. It is equally delicious, refreshing and nourishing whether taken as a hot or cold drink—and it does not overheat the blood.

But—be sure it *is* "Ovaltine." Always remember that—unlike imitations—"Ovaltine" does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes—they are definitely not "like 'Ovaltine.'"

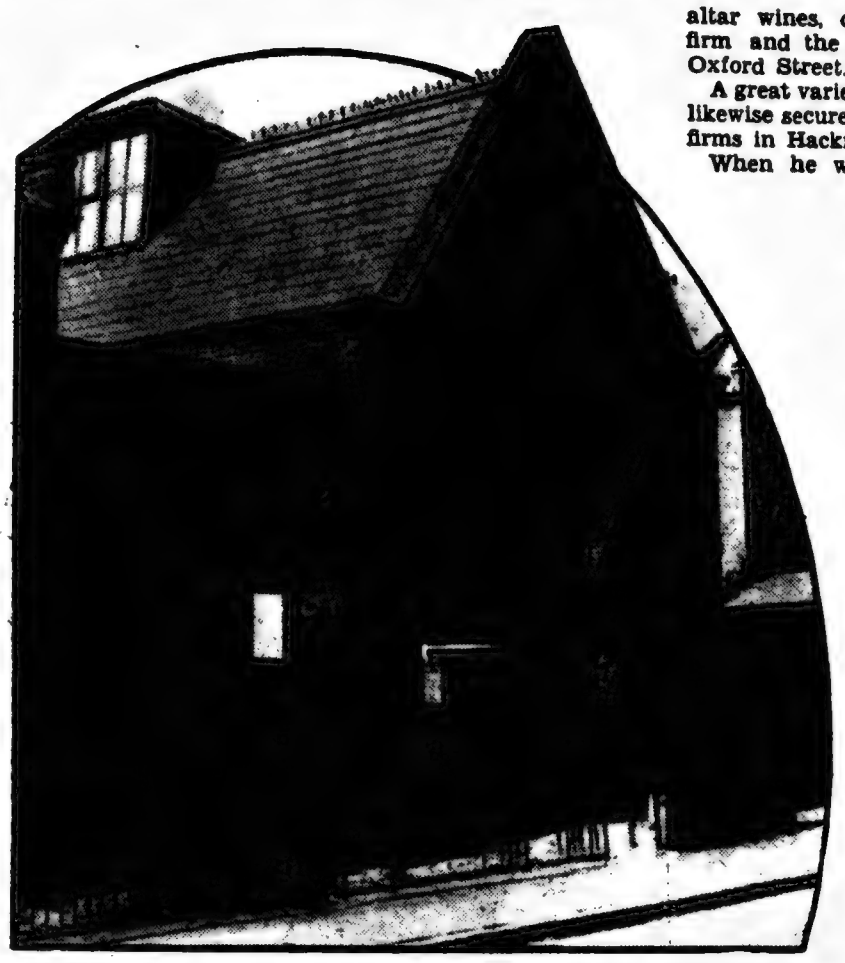
Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

Ovaltine

P951

Queer Father Browne

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from MAJ.-GEN. Sir Wyndham CHILDS



The Church of St. Martin in South Hackney, where Father Browne seeks to establish himself as "parish priest"

THIS week I feel it my duty to sound a warning concerning the activities of an individual who, calling himself Father C. R. Browne, claims to be a member of the Old Roman Catholic Church.

"Father" Browne, it appears, suddenly descended upon a respectable working-class family at their home at 15, Pembury Grove, E., two months ago, and secured furnished accommodation for himself and his wife.

Announcing that he was taking over the church of St. Martin, in Speldhurst Road, South Hackney, Browne lost no time in establishing himself in local esteem.

He approached a printer regarding the cost of publishing a parish magazine to be circulated in the neighbourhood, and also placed an initial order for a supply of leaflets advertising his aims.

Rehearsals

There is an appeal to all friends to subscribe liberally towards a sum needed for repairs to the church.

Pleading that this institution is in receipt of no moneys by way of either pew-rents or endowments, Browne asks in these printed appeals that all communications should be sent to him as the "Parish Priest."

He goes even further and gives days and times for the administration of sacred rites such as Mass, Holy Communion, Solemn Vespers, Benediction, Baptisms, Churchings and Confessions.

Now all this looks very well in print, but when it comes to actual performance I find that Browne's activities have been strange indeed.

At his lodgings he was assumed to be a most devout man, and on certain occasions he would walk about swinging a censer, as if rehearsing his church ceremonies.

Having gained his landlady's confidence and respect, Browne induced her to make for him an approved priest's robe of the Roman pattern in three widths of finest linen and lace.

During this time, "Father" Browne secured two consignments of special altar wines, one from a Westminster firm and the other from a concern in Oxford Street.

A great variety of household goods was likewise secured on credit from different firms in Hackney.

When he was challenged as to his credentials, "Father" Browne confidently gave the name of "Archbishop Churchill Sibley" as a reference.

Meanwhile his preparations for a religious campaign proceeded apace. He decided that repairs were necessary to the church, and a builder was instructed to carry out the work.

While this was in hand, "Father" Browne went to a firm which supplies church ornaments and fittings, and made many earnest enquiries regarding the cost of installing the articles necessary in the ritual he proposed to practise.

But in the light of information before me, I am not surprised to find that when, attired in full priest-like regalia, he presided at morning service on a recent Sunday, he was without a congregation!

I find that "Father" Browne has so far failed to honour his obligations to various individuals and firms who have given him their trust.

Inundated with requests for payment, he recently sought the shelter of his room, pleading that he was indisposed. So his creditors have had to wait

Meanwhile, the landlady, unable to secure her rent, confronted Browne with reference to a cheque he had pretended was due to him.

But she got no satisfaction. "Father" Browne was unable to explain the delay, nor did he settle the account.

The builder, who went to the trouble and expense of hiring ladders and buying material, has so far failed to recover either his costs or payment for his work on the church.

But that is not all. "Father" Browne, I find, has varied his activities by calling upon clergymen of other denominations and endeavouring to raise loans on the strength of touching stories of temporary hardship and distress.

The merchants who supplied him with altar wines have not yet succeeded in extracting a single penny on account.

Empty bottles

And Browne even borrowed money from the manager of one of these firms on the strength of a cheque he said was in the post! He has not yet repaid the loan.

Finally, his landlady, her patience exhausted, decided to refuse "Father" Browne admission to the room he had occupied. Her surprise may be imagined when she inspected his apartment and discovered that twenty-two of the two dozen bottles of altar wine were empty!

Though "Father" Browne has not officiated at any service at which the dispensation of wine was essential, a quantity sufficient for the administration of Communion to possibly two thousand worshippers has thus disappeared!

Who, then, is this "Father" C. R. Browne, self-described in his printed matter as the "Parish Priest" of South Hackney.

The church of which he claims to be the minister, as I have already mentioned, is an establishment used by followers of Martin Luther.

We are assured by the Most Rev. Bernard Mary Williams, Archbishop in Great Britain for the Old Roman Catholic Church, that no such person as Father C. R. Browne appears in the official register.

Nor had he been heard of at all by the Church authorities until enquiries began to arise about his activities.

The mystery deepens when we consider some of Browne's other claims.

The dabbler

Archbishop Churchill Sibley, whose name he has used as a reference when obtaining credit, is an individual who has been criticised in these columns on more than one occasion.

When last I heard of Archbishop Sibley he was dabbling in the sale of worthless degrees in arts, music and literature, from a private residence which he was pleased to call "The Intercollegiate University."

The value of his name as a reference, therefore, will be fully apparent, and in view of the disclosures I have made, the public should leave the Rev. Father Browne severely alone.

The Human Machine

Strange Thing, Life

LIFE, if you sit back and analyse it, is a queer thing. Its big landmarks are few and far between; its moments of great exaltation and achievement are far from plentiful in any one individual's career; its golden moments are not—to the undiscerning—as frequent as its drab hours; its worries mostly appear to overshadow its joys.

And yet life is good—and there are very, very few who would deny it. The trouble is that most of us ARE undiscerning. We spend so much time looking for the spectacular and the sensational that we fail to see the multitudinous, if "ordinary," things that make life worth while.

For life is not made up of great sacrifices, heroic deeds and spectacular duties spectacularly performed. Life, on the contrary, is made up of little things, of smiles and kindnesses and small obligations willingly and habitually given. We think little of them because they are so common—but if they ceased we should quickly realise their worth.

We can call these things common and ordinary and humdrum if we will, but they are the very fabric of happiness, for the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better for ourselves and our fellows.

Fuss and bother and agitation never do anything but create more fuss and bother and agitation. A serene and amiable temper, the taking of whatever comes with cheerfulness and resolution, courtesy, kindness and consideration for other people's feelings—these are some of the threads from which the fabric of a happy and contented life is woven.

Lord Bacon put it like this: "The way of Fortune is like the Milky Way in the sky: which is a meeting of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together. So there are a number of little virtues and customs that make men fortunate."

A Ladder in the AIR

ALMOST endless in their variety are the schemes which, in these lean times, are evolved by benevolent persons for the supposed betterment of their fellows.

Few propositions of the kind have proved to be more naïve than one behind this announcement which appeared the other day in national newspapers:

> YOUNG MAN, working, determined to get to the TOP and make his FORTUNE, invites correspondence from others of similar determination, view friendship and co-operation; "class" and education immaterial; character and ability everything. Write ——.

Some hundreds of ambitious and trustful young men apparently rushed in to clinch the privilege of serving under the Excelsior banner.

They found someone named C. R. L. Adrian Vallance, of Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, London, who sent a long printed invitation to them to meet him personally.

They walked into the Vallance parlour—a gymnasium which he had hired for the purpose—fifty at a time, and were entertained to tea and cakes served by waiters in uniform.

The repasts over, Vallance explained to his guests that, as they were presumably all climbers like himself, he was desirous of shepherding them into an organisation which he was in process of founding.

It would be known as the Ladder Club.

But it would not be an institutional, residential, or social club. It was intended to be simply a brotherhood of men of resolution and ideas.

Young men could get a foot on a rung of the ladder by first paying a capital sum to Vallance, as trustee, and thereafter paying a contribution of thirty shillings monthly.

They could then confide to him any business schemes or money-making ideas which they might possess, and, if they were approved, finance for their development would be provided from the accumulated funds.

Vallance has not explained why he is acting so disinterestedly in the service of others by setting himself up as a banker for their money and the fruit of their brains.

No doubt, however, he will be at the top first.

Astounding Offer!

Ever-Ready Razor
3 Ever-Ready Blades
1/- Tube Ever-Ready Cream

Complete Outfit **1/3**

This price does not apply in the Irish Free State

Ever-Ready

Blades are made from the finest surgical steel and are 1½ times thicker than other Blades

On sale at all Chemists Hairdressers & Stores, etc.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., 110 CRICKLEWOOD LANE, LONDON, N.W.2.

HERE IT IS!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COOKERY BOOK

Edited by Elizabeth Craig

JUST the work every housewife and every cook needs—especially on hot summer days; entirely new, up-to-date, edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, the best known writer on cookery and household management in the country, packed with thousands of ideas, hints and tips, a health-bringer and a money-saver. Not only a cookery book, but a complete guide to household management. Contains over 1,000 pages, more than 330,000 words, is lavishly illustrated with a frontispiece and 64 whole pages of half-tone illustrations. **YOURS—if you act now. A £1 book for 5/- only** (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.).

2,000 ORIGINAL RECIPES, MENUS, ETC.

One of the outstanding features of this work is the great array of practical and original recipes for every occasion and every kind of meal.

This special edition is bound in rich maroon morocco-grained art. leather, gold embossed, 8¼ in. deep by 5¾ in. wide. Weight approx. 3 lb.

There is also available a magnificent De Luxe Edition bound in rich blue figured art. leather, gold embossed, with dustproof top edges, reinforced head band and cloth-jointed end papers. This valuable volume may be obtained by cash or on unique instalment terms.

£1 for 5/-
(Plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.)

HURRY! *Send form below now for particulars and your Privilege Form.*

SEND TO-DAY!

SPECIAL ORDER FORM

To The People's Home Library, Dept. G.C.1, 5, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

I wish to take advantage of your offer. Please send me immediately full details and my Privilege Form for "The New Standard Cookery Illustrated."

NAME.....
(Block Letters) State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

ADDRESS .....

..... DATE.....

J.B.—19/8/33

Read this miracle-delivery from NERVES & NEURITIS

July 26th, 1933.

Dear Sirs,

I had given up hopes of ever being well again. When I awoke each morning I knew what was in store for me, dull, throbbing headaches, a feeling of utter weariness, deadly neuritis pains, before half the morning was over. I had to drag myself home in the evening with my nerves torn to pieces.

But worst of all was lying awake at night into the morning. I was resigned to a life of suffering. A friend told me to take Dr. Cassell Tablets, and I did as a last hope. The effect was incredible, in ten days I felt ten years younger.

I want the whole country to know what Dr. Cassell Tablets did for me.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) T. L. MOORE.

Mr. MOORE who owes his Health & Happiness to

Dr. Cassell Tablets

Brand

Take Dr. Cassell Tablets to-day, for wonderful RELIEF from

INSOMNIA
NERVES
HEADACHES
INDIGESTION
WEAKNESS
DEBILITY
ANÆMIA

1/3 & 3/-

This man wrote us because he wants you—YOU!—and every other NERVE VICTIM in the land to know how splendidly Dr. Cassell Tablets came to his aid, when his health and his fine physique were on the edge of BREAK DOWN!

IF YOUR Nerves, Blood, Digestion, Strength are not all they should be, *there's not a shadow of doubt* that Dr. Cassell Tablets *can* and *will* nourish them (and you) back to Health and Strength in a very short time. Take some of these miracle-tablets TO-DAY!

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Medical Board's Outrageous Action

Much is done to protect the worker against the dread silicosis, but the toll is still heavy. And the "no compensation" scandal becomes rifer

WIDOW VICTIMS of DEADLY SCOURGE

AMONG the occupational diseases which afflict and kill in the industries of Britain, the most dreaded and prevalent is silicosis.

To the shame of generations of legislators, Parliament until a few years ago remained callously indifferent to the existence of the disease.

Then, as now, thousands of workers died or were broken by it every year—miners, masons, quarriers, and others whose toil is with stone and minerals.

They became ill, passed away with a suddenness unknown in any other industrial disease, and their wives and children were in most instances allowed no compensation.

Making amends . . .

When, comparatively recently, Parliament at last brought itself to deal adequately with the consequences of this menace to life and health, it did so on a scale which suggested that, conscience-stricken, it was making amends also for the past.

The masses of workers in the affected industries were given a charter which took them outside the ordinary machinery of workmen's compensation and they and their dependents were henceforth to be protected by a code claimed as generous and complete.

But the will and intentions of Parliament have been disgracefully defeated by the heartless manner in which the schemes for the relief of the stricken and the fatherless are being administered.

No documents could be more pathetic than the letters which come so frequently to John Bull from men who have been struck down by and are awaiting death from silicosis, or from the widows of those who have succumbed.

They tell of almost incredible actions and decisions to deny them the financial compensation which suffering or death has made due.

Heartless quibbling

Worst of all are the cases of the widows and children. At every turn, officials who administer the silicosis regulations raise obstacles and give verdicts as absurd as they are cruel.

Astounding technical reasons are found to refuse awards of compensation, with the result that the families of the men who die become paupers, wholly dependent on charity.

This widespread display of official obstinacy to concede the simple rights of the maimed and bereaved becomes more serious and tragic in the light of the discoveries lately made as to the prevalence of and mortality from silicosis.

It was always known to be rampant; but since the new regulations were framed which make it compulsory for every workman to be periodically examined, the extent of it has been found to be appalling. It is spreading ever wider, notwithstanding the use of respirators, dust traps, and the like.

Graver still is the fact, also now established, that from the moment a man is completely incapacitated by the choking and perforating of his lungs with silica dust, his expectation of life is seldom more than eighteen months. Death is almost invariably accompanied by tubercular or bronchial complications.

Terrible suffering

Two appeals were made to John Bull the other day to investigate cases which are typical of this intolerable scandal in modern industry. They came by the same post from the same city—Liverpool—and both involved the deaths of stonemasons.

One was Mr. John McCauley, of 69, Troughton Street, Edge Hill, who has died after two years of terrible suffering caused by silicosis.

There is not the slightest doubt of this fact.

When McCauley developed the cough which signals the disease and fell ill two years ago, he was examined by a medical referee appointed by a county court judge and found to be so far advanced with silicosis that he was declared to be totally disabled, was forbidden ever to attempt to resume work, and was awarded compensation at the maximum rate.

Two private doctors thereafter regularly attended him and treated him for silicosis.

They and a third doctor who was with him when he died all communicated with the Medical Silicosis Board and expressed the opinion, from their observations when McCauley was alive and from the report of a *post-mortem* examination, that the primary cause of death was silicosis.

Other causes were, as usual, bronchitis and splenic anæmia.

The power of the Medical Silicosis Board is absolute. It can disregard the pronouncements of all other doctors and the verdicts of coroners' inquests.

It can even ignore its own decisions made in the lifetime of the victim that he was completely disabled by silicosis.

In the case of John McCauley it did all these things. It refused to give a certificate that he died from silicosis and all compensation has, therefore, been denied to the widow.

Against the findings of the Board there is no appeal.

Living, compensated—

The other Liverpool case is that of Mr. Joseph Cundliff, of 22, Sterne Street, who has died in hospital.

When it was suspected that Cundliff had become a silicosis victim, eighteen months ago, he was examined and the suspicion was officially confirmed.

Cundliff, also, was therefore certified to be totally and permanently disabled by silicosis, and he, too, for the short period of life which remained to him, was granted full compensation.

An inquest was held after Cundliff's death. Once again, bronchitis was present, but the coroner and jury were informed that the *post-mortem* had revealed that the fundamental factor in death was silicosis.

They returned a unanimous verdict of "Death from silicosis."

—Dead, betrayed

The Medical Silicosis Board refused to accept the verdict and completely ignored the fact that it had itself declared that, while alive, Cundliff was wholly disabled by silicosis.

As in McCauley's case, the Board preferred to regard bronchitis as the cause of death, and it refuses to issue the certificate by which Cundliff's widow can alone obtain compensation.

This kind of thing may seem incredible, but it is, in fact, common.

Men, while alive, are found by the silicosis authorities to be completely crippled and useless to industry because of the disease.

But when they die shortly afterwards and more substantial compensation has to be paid to their dependents, they are declared to have died from some other cause, notwithstanding the weight of medical opinion and coroners' verdicts to the contrary.

Is it that there is a shortage of funds from which to pay compensation to the bereaved for the loss of their bread-winners?

How to do it

If so, we have a suggestion to make. It is that the cost of administering the compensation regulations should be drastically cut.

We have before us the balance-sheet for last year of one of the principal silicosis compensation funds set up by statute.

It reveals that for every £1 awarded in compensation, nearly 14s. is spent upon the salaries, fees and expenses of the officials!

This extravagance at the expense of broken workers, widows and children must end. Parliament made the best possible provision for a terrible scourge. Will it tolerate much longer this outrageous flouting of its purpose?

Wireless Careers—Perhaps!

A SEQUEL to the order requiring that passenger vessels of 5,000 tons and over shall carry additional radio gear for direction finding is the flood of advertising now being issued by widely scattered wireless training schools.

Some of these schools are called "colleges," and in most cases the handsome brochure forwarded in response to an enquiry introduces to parents the most ambitious prospects of a "career for your boy."

On the first page of one prospectus from a school in Lancashire the youthful operator is reminded that the commencing salary on board ship is equivalent to £180.

The prospectus circularised by a Scottish college assures would-be wireless operators that they will be enabled to earn up to £389 a year.

* * *

But not a word about the thousands of sea-going ships laid up in harbour! Discreet silence prevails concerning the many trained and experienced wireless operators now out of employment.

It is held that little or no difficulty is experienced in securing posts for qualified students.

The fees demanded for tuition range from £10 a term to £36 for a full course; seventy-five guineas is asked for a period covering fifty-five weeks.

These fees are very likely reasonable. The competition is no doubt largely responsible for this.

The fact is that private wireless training schools and colleges, and several municipal centres, are collecting fees from pupils for many of whom berths either at sea or on shore in the capacity of wireless officers may never be found.

That the Postmaster-General's certificate is awarded to successful students is not by any means a criterion that posts are available. Far from it; a large number of trained wireless operators go direct from college to serve behind the counter in the local radio store.

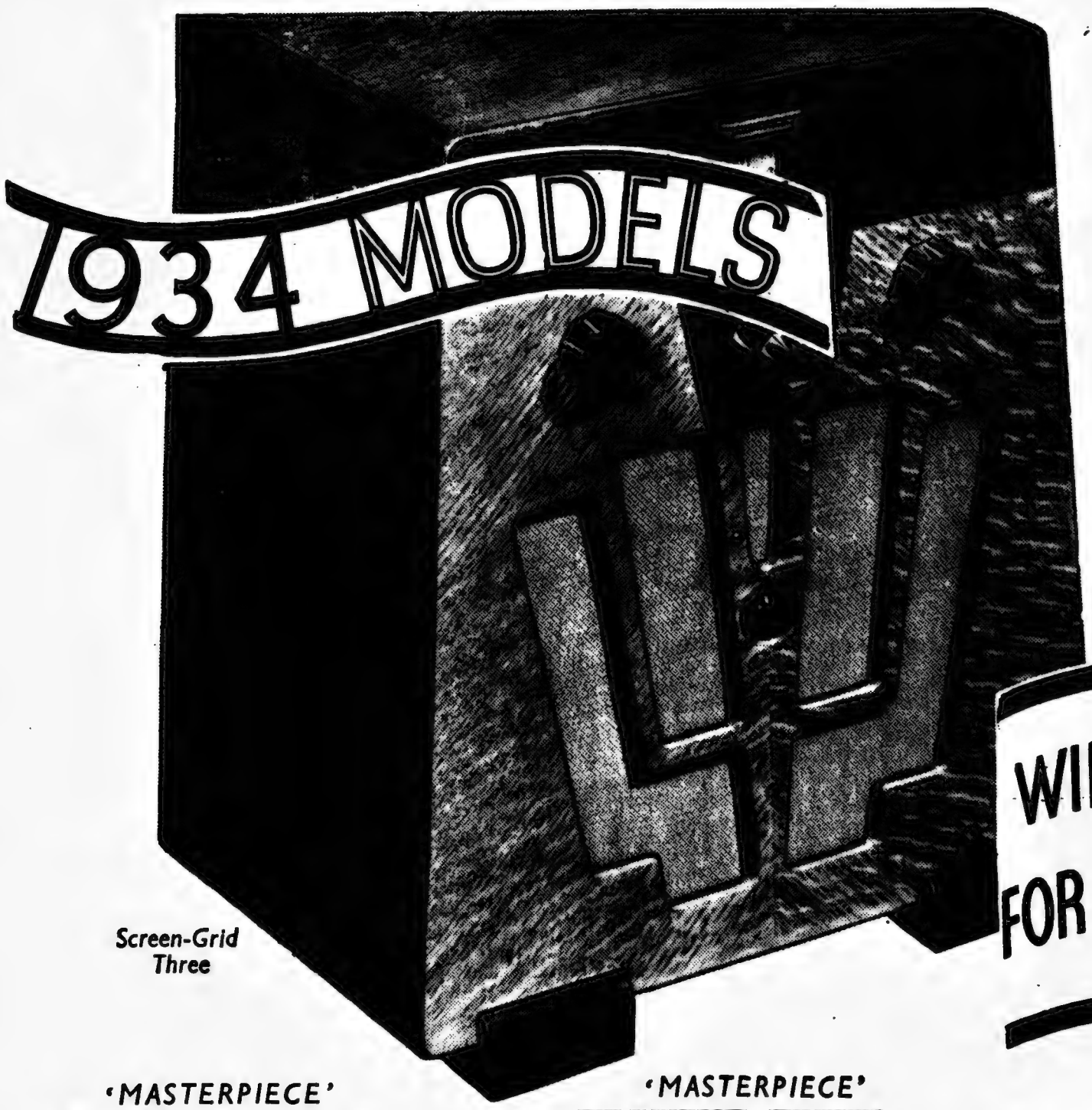
* * *

The number of certificated operators already available is more than sufficient for our mercantile needs.

Many are held by qualified marine wireless operators who have never gone to sea, and never will.

The number of posts actually open in the British Mercantile Marine is 3,500, whilst the surplus of fully qualified operators now exceeds four hundred men.

We do not hesitate to condemn any advertising campaign which cannot otherwise but flood a market that is already overcrowded.



Screen-Grid Three

WIRELESS SETS FOR B·D·V COUPONS

'MASTERPIECE'

SCREEN-GRID THREE

(Valves S.G.—Det.—Power)

THIS EFFICIENT battery-operated receiver employs a combination of valves which provide for excellent performance under all normal conditions of reception. The fact that it utilises a screened-grid H.F. valve ensures a high degree of sensitivity and selectivity, and gives a wide range of European stations free from interference. Tuning is by single-knob control, with a "trimmer" for fine adjustments, and a reaction control. All normal long and medium wavelengths can be obtained. The change-over switch is incorporated with the on-and-off switch. An additional aerial terminal is provided. Loudspeaker is of adjustable cone type, and gives really good reproduction of all instrumental and vocal items; considerable range of adjustment is provided. The cabinet is a fine specimen of modern design, soundly constructed in oak with macassar ebony inlay. Ample space is provided for H.T. and L.T. batteries. The manufacturers are a famous British firm.

Complete with (B.V.M.A.) valves. **750 COUPONS**

'MASTERPIECE'

STRAIGHT THREE

(Valves Det.—2 L.F.)

THIS RECEIVER employs a detector followed by two transformer-coupled low-frequency amplifying stages utilising a small power valve in the output stage. It is capable of giving good reception from the local, and a good selection of other broadcasting stations when used with an efficient outdoor aerial. It covers the normal long and medium wave ranges.

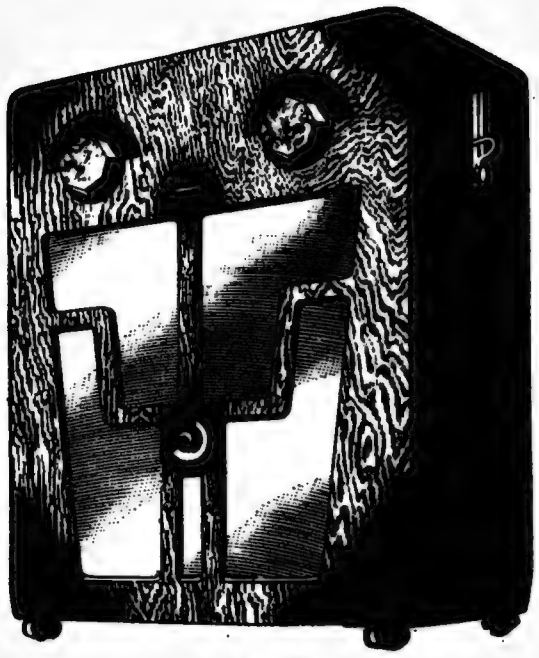
Three alternative aerial sockets are provided, allowing for different degrees of selectivity in order to eliminate or reduce interference between stations which may be experienced in certain localities.

Operation of the receiver is quite simple, and good results can be obtained without previous experience. There are only two variable controls, viz.: Aerial Tuning and Reaction. An on-and-off switch is provided.

An efficient adjustable cone type speaker gives very pleasing reproduction.

The oak cabinet is modern in design, with a beautiful silky finish, and has ample space for batteries.

Complete with (B.V.M.A.) valves. **600 COUPONS**



Straight Three

These sets are available until February 28th, 1934

BDV CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6d 20 FOR 11½d

FREE VOUCHER FOR 25 COUPONS

This voucher is available until December 25th, 1933

These sets will be available at the beginning of September. If you fill in this free voucher for 25 coupons, and send it together with 25 coupons, we shall reserve you a set, which will be held for you until we receive the balance—700 coupons (for the S.G.3) or 550 coupons (for the Straight 3).

Cross out set not required. M.M.25. 19/8/33

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., 39, COMMERCIAL STREET, E.1

A SECRET SERVICE Impostor

AN amazing impostor, whose chief gifts are a ready invention and undoubted plausibility, is at present enjoying a life of ease and comfort at the expense of others.

There are very good reasons, as this story will show, why his present activities should be curbed.

He is a man of many parts and infinite resource. One visiting card, now before us, describes him as "Captain Kenneth Twiss, Late U.S. Government." On another he is plain "Mr. Kenneth Twiss, Late New York Representative" of a Montreal newspaper. And notepaper which he has been using lately bears the embossed heading: "Captain K. Twiss, University, Notre Dame, U.S.A."

It is surely surprising to find a personage of such distinction reduced to advertising in the "Agony" column of a daily paper offering his "services" in return for accommodation and adding that he is "friendless" and "desires companionship." Yet through this medium he has contrived to get into touch with many of the people who are now numbered among his dupes.

Confidences . . .

To one young girl with whom he thus entered into correspondence he unbosomed himself in most wholehearted fashion.

He described himself as an Englishman "by both birth and heritage," who had spent eighteen years in America, graduating at the Universities of Southern California and Notre Dame, and subsequently holding a post in the "United States Secret Service."

"Owing to my refusal to become an American citizen," he added, "I was in April of this year made to leave the country until such time that I decided to become naturalised."

He went on to write about his nice, ten-roomed house standing in two acres of grounds at Hollywood, and while lamenting the loss of his £2,000-a-year post, proudly confided that he holds letters of recommendation from President Roosevelt, Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, and Mr. Andrew Mellon, former American Ambassador to Britain.

His love game

An appointment was made later, at which Captain Kenneth Twiss proved himself even more impressive than he had seemed in his letter. And he now added to his many rôles that of whirlwind lover!

Within an hour of their meeting he had proposed marriage and was weaving romantic dreams of their future happiness in his beautiful Hollywood home.

He chose for this lightning proposal the romantic setting of Hampton Court Palace, and was unabashed when his companion suggested that he was being rather premature in his plan-making. He was in the habit of making quick decisions.

The dashing captain not only convinced this girl of his sincerity, but even cast his magnetic spell over her parents. Received into their home, he completely captivated them with his stories of secret service exploits in different parts of America.

By the time he had finished talking it was found that he had lost his last train home, so he was invited to stay the night. And the next day he showed no inclination to leave and stayed on as a most entertaining guest.

The whirlwind lover chose this romantic rendezvous at Hampton Court in order to propose marriage to the girl he'd known for only an hour

Among other things he confided that his mother was a wealthy woman and resident in Australia. His father had lost his life in the Battle of Jutland.

He himself professed to be following literary activities at the moment and, until such time as he secured a footing in the old country, he was in receipt of an allowance from his mother

As the weeks passed and he gained the complete confidence of this family, Twiss not only exploited their hospitality to the full, but even raised several loans on the pretence that his usual remittance from his mother had been delayed!

All this time he was paying ardent suit to the daughter, while in between visits to the home he wrote gushing letters to each member of the family in turn from a residential club at Eltham.

Then, when excuses about his long-deferred remittance from Australia began to wear thin Twiss suddenly cooled off. But not before he had raised further loans to enable him to keep going!

Going, going, gone

He has "kept going" with a vengeance and has also kept out of the way of the family When the father ran into him unexpectedly in the lounge of a London hotel, Twiss disappeared into the crowd with surprising alacrity!

These kindly folk who received him into their home, and who have done so much to help the supposed ex-secret service man, now realise that they have been shamefully deceived.

Nor are they alone in this realisation. Enquiry shows that the proprietress of the residential club at Eltham is also among his dupes. Twiss lived there for two weeks without paying a penny.

When he left he borrowed money to enable him to remove to another address in Bayswater, London!

Other dupes

At the club he was supposed to be connected with the film industry—a natural supposition, as one of his trunks was conspicuously labelled to himself care of a famous Hollywood studio!

It is now clear, too, that while making love to the girl whose story we have told, Twiss was simultaneously cultivating the friendship of another young woman who had answered one of his advertisements

In this instance, though, he succeeded in raising a loan on the "security" of phantom property in England, which he valued at £8,000!

Another of his dupes is a widow in Stepney, who works hard to support her three children. She was likewise swayed by his colourful stories of past achievements and future expectations. Twiss made love to her, too; offered her marriage, and sponged upon her repeatedly with no thought of the ultimate misery and want she and her children would have to suffer in consequence

One favourite device to impress victims is to pen his letters on the notepaper of fashionable London hotels, of whose writing-rooms he seems to make free use.

Our own investigations show that he is a hardened impostor and was, in fact, deported from the United States as an undesirable alien.

In view of the complaints now accumulating against him he should be given a wide berth.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

HOLIDAY HAPPINESS

AS we are now in the midst of the holiday season, there is something I want to say to my readers about the way to make it a success.

You will find it useful, whether you are on holiday or not; for even those of us who cannot afford a holiday or are lucky enough to have a job which prevents our taking a holiday, have something of the holiday feeling. We cannot escape it if we would; everybody has it in this glorious summer time.

Well, here is my recipe for real holiday enjoyment: Follow your inclinations and leave other people free to follow theirs.

This sounds simple, does it not? And yet I had lived more than half my life before I found it out; and I am persuaded that nearly all the discontents and disappointments of which people complain when they have a chance to enjoy themselves spring from the neglect of it.

The principal part of the gratification that we derive from being released from routine for a few hours or days or weeks consists simply in the sense of freedom itself, in not being under compulsion to do anything in particular, in being endowed with the facility to use or waste time at our pleasure. I am sure this is so; it is a psychological fact that is not to be denied.

* * *

You need not feverishly organise your happiness in your free time; to have the neck out of the collar alone is happiness, and you make a mistake by thrusting it into another sort of collar in the hope of increasing the happiness.

Unfortunately, this is what many holiday makers do—or should I say holiday spoilers?

They make such a strenuous business of planning every available moment that they come back from their holiday tired and cross instead of refreshed and rested and with a store of happy memories to draw upon until the next playtime comes round.

Avoid trying to boss other people or to fit them into your mould. If you are a member of a holiday company, make this a strict rule for your own observance and do not fail to observe it. In nearly every party, however small, in which things begin to go wrong and frowns take the place of smiles, there is some person, or often more than one, who seeks to force the rest to do this or that

The great secret—which is no secret at all but plain common-sense—of getting things to go well when you have a lot of people together is to grant them individually as much liberty as possible consistent with the comfort of all concerned.

* * *

Never argue nor dispute about what should be done by all in a body to-day or to-morrow. The less rigid your plans are the better, and don't be touchy or take offence if they are upset.

Judging by myself, I should say that most people feel it irksome to be hustled or coerced by some strong-willed individual who likes his own way. For all-round good will to be maintained there should be no kind of pressure exercised on anyone.

Make suggestions if you like and call for volunteers to carry them out; but drop them at once if there is any reluctance to comply with them Remember that the very essence of friendship and harmony is the sense of being absolutely free to do as one likes.

Don't be sarcastic or fretful or condescending. Never make a butt of anyone or let chaff degenerate into causing soreness; unkindness is not fun. Be patient with the oddity and the bore; and do be careful not to be an oddity or a bore yourself

Be a good mixer, but remain as free as the air. Allow your companions to do the same, and you will keep a light heart.

UNCLE SAM CALLING!

Bruce Bairnsfather reveals some amazing secrets about America's commercial broadcasting in an article entitled "Uncle Sam Calling" which he has specially written for *The Passing Show's* great all-star number, on sale to-morrow.

Other star articles in this fine issue include "Hullo Holidays," a radio revue by the wireless entertainers, Ashley Sterne and A. A. Thomson; "What the Listener Doesn't Hear"; a brilliant story by Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan, of "Buggins" fame; and the Private Life of Mrs. Mary Hamilton, the B.B.C.'s only woman Governor.

Make sure of your copy by ordering it to-day.

The PRINCE

BEHIND the statement by the Prince of Wales when inaugurating a new municipal airport at Norwich recently that "flying has become my main means of transport nowadays" lies a burning enthusiasm for air travel that has made him a veritable Prince of Wings.

His itinerary that day shows how truly he spoke.

Little more than an hour before he reached Norwich by 'plane he had been going through his morning mail in London. An hour after the ceremony he was speeding across Norfolk to King's Lynn in the same machine, to attend the Royal Norfolk Show.

And despite these two important engagements so far away from London, he was able to return by air in good time to complete his normal day's office work.

Although regular use of his fleet of aeroplanes in this way establishes him as one of the keenest fliers in the country, it scarcely conveys to the full what flying means to him to-day.

It gets him there

Very few people have ever even guessed at the real facts about the Prince's flying exploits.

In the first place, he does not take up machines alone and put them through hair-raising stunts, as certain people pretend to have heard "from a friend of a friend of mine, who knows him." He is too commonsensed to take foolish and unnecessary risks.

And yet again, he is not the mere aeroplane passenger that other people "in the know" would have you believe.

That is the story of the man who tells you that everything you hear about the Prince piloting machines himself is all "eyewash."

The Prince flies not because he thinks that flying is a sport fit for Princes, but because he feels it has become a necessary part of a Prince's equipment.

He has become the Prince of Wings because it enables him to fulfil twice as many engagements as any other heir to the throne in history ever did, and not neglect important parts of the kingdom because they happen to be far distant from his place of residence.

When the Prince took up aviation more than seven years ago he was faced with the fact that he was being invited to fifty times more functions than any living being could possibly attend—and he saw, in the aeroplane, something that would enable him to accept twice as many as hitherto.

Similarly, when he buys a new and faster machine it is not because he is a wealthy young man who can well afford to buy each latest model as it comes on the market, but because each drastic improvement in speed, efficiency or comfort enables him to do more and more work.

His air liner

For that reason he is one of the biggest private owners of aircraft in Europe. His newest acquisition, virtually a small air liner with dual controls to enable him to give his pilot a rest at times, makes him the owner of six machines.

Flying, in a nutshell, interests him less as a sport than as a busy man's aid to greater efficiency. And if he has learned to love it in the process, who can blame him?

It will surprise many people, however, to know that the Prince has never taken a flying licence as a pilot and probably never will. It will surprise them less, maybe, when they know the reason.

First let us consider what a licence would do for him. It would enable him to take up a machine unaccompanied by any other pilot and do with it, within the limitations prescribed by the aerial navigation laws, whatever he liked.

What good would that be to him? Unless he were flying solely for the fun he got out of it, nothing.

As it is, he is confined to flying solo when within three miles of an aerodrome—a right for which he has no use now that he has mastered the rudiments of flying—or taking control anywhere as long as there is a fully "ticketed" pilot with him, which is all he wants to do.

To stay at his office desk to the very last moment before leaving to fulfil an engagement. To dictate messages to his secretaries and carry out certain of his routine duties while travelling at 120 miles an hour or more. To cram as many engagements into the day as human limitations will permit. And then to be back in London, preparing for the always busy to-morrow, with the least possible delay.

That is what the Prince expects from the new science of aviation. And all that he can get—and is getting regularly—without bothering about flying licences.

The Prince has the distinction—to which he doesn't attach very much importance—of having done more flying than all the other Princes of the world put together. Indeed, his total time in the air is more than many of our war-time "aces" had achieved by the time they had brought down a dozen enemy machines.

Willing pupil

He took his earliest lessons in the same way as any other flying aspirant, seeking no special privileges of any kind.

On an average of twice a week, more if he could find the time, less if the pressure of work at St. James's Palace were too heavy, he motored over to Hendon and presented himself for instruction.

At first he had to learn from a blackboard. All the mysteries of camber and incidence were chalked down for him, with appropriate diagrams, and if he hadn't memorised it all by the time he called again he had to go through it again until he had.

Then the instructors of the London Flying Club, the same instructors as taught the poorest youth with flying ambitions, put him through his paces in the air.

On the day his training was completed he knew enough about the subject and was masterly enough in the handling of his craft to take his "ticket" if he had wanted it. But that had not been his purpose.

He bought a Puss Moth of his own, a cabin machine. He was lucky enough to secure Squadron-Leader Don, one of the most capable pilots who ever donned a helmet, as his pilot.

Race against time

And from that moment he was able both to accept more engagements and to carry his activities further afield.

He had many adventures in that first machine, more perhaps than in any other. Let us recall a few.

Once when he was beaten down by adverse weather, while on his way to Liverpool on duty, he stopped a train and was able to make his public appearance to time after a thrilling race against the clock.

On another occasion he learnt that a flying boat was hovering off the coast with the intention of escorting him to Le Touquet, where he was due to arrive one evening.

Attacked!

Hating the idea of private escorts—he has always refused to be "nursed" by other machines—he somehow managed to cross the Channel without seeing the flying boat or being seen by it. And the first its crew heard of him was contained in a wireless message that told them he had arrived safely.

Once, when he was sharing control with his present pilot, Captain Fielden, he flew into the thick of the Royal Air Force manœuvres.

He did not know it at the time, but he was supposed to be over the "Isle of Incognito." And the machines that buzzed round him represented the rival Air Forces of a mythical Blue and Red Army.

He first guessed that his identity was causing some perplexity when a

# of Wings

"Flying interests him less as a sport than as a busy man's aid to greater efficiency, and if he has learned to love it in the process, who can blame him?"

"Red" fighter dived from the clouds on to his tail and began to pepper him with an unloaded machine gun. Then, realising that he had been taken to be a "Blue" spy in disguise, he made off at top speed.

The attacking machine had him at its mercy, and he knew it. Imaginary bullets were simply riddling his craft. In effect, he had been brought down again and yet again. But entering into the full fun of the thing, he led the machine a merry dance across two counties, right the way to Andover, before he gave in.

He had become the owner of a third machine when he sailed to Sweden on a duty visit. And if the officials of the Swedish Air Force had realised that fact, they would not have been so surprised as they were when, sharing control with a Swedish officer, he flew through weather they thought would frighten a Prince.

He turned up

It was on a day when he was due to fly north to inspect an industrial region. The air officials arrived at the aerodrome half an hour before the Prince was due. They looked at the weather, saw that a hard wind was blowing and carrying with it sleet that was gradually changing to snow, and, deciding the weather would cause a postponement, seriously thought of going home.

But he turned up after all. And finding his Swedish co-pilot was confident the machine could get through easily, he took off and got through to his destination according to programme.

What is more, he returned to Stockholm that night according to schedule.

He was the first Englishman to pilot what was then—and still is to-day—the biggest heavier-than-air machine in the world, Germany's giant Dornier *Do. X*, the machine that crossed the Atlantic in both an easterly and westerly direction.

The machine was at Southampton at the time, and he went down from London in an "amphibian"—able to settle on land or water—that had been lent him by a friend.

Half an hour after he had "sat" in Southampton Water he was over the Isle of Wight with the giant engines of the Dornier under control, only leaving the cockpit, at last, to crawl down the inside of the wing on his stomach to inspect the multitude of electric motors that enabled the lightest touch of the controls to work so huge a machine.

A German pilot was sitting at a duplicate set of controls, of course, and it would be silly to pretend that he did not himself exert a little pressure on his controls now and then, especially as so gigantic a machine must not be over-banked.

But he did tell the Prince, without any effort to flatter him, that he had the makings of an excellent pilot.

An hour later the Prince was letting the wheels down for a ground landing on his own private aerodrome in Windsor Great Park.

Later in his flying career the Prince was to win a record. He helped to fly a machine from Marseilles to Paris in 4 hours 19 minutes, which was the fastest accomplished up to then. But when they told him, he observed that that was probably because nobody else had tried to do it.

Rarely has he taken part in anything approaching a "stunt," and if ever he has it has always been in connection with his duties. When he bade God-speed to the *Empress of Britain*, for instance.

Handling the giant

When Britain's most famous new liner started on her maiden voyage it was the Prince of Wales who gave her an aerial send-off and thus helped to tell the world about this newest acquisition of the British mercantile marine.

The passengers on her decks who saw a giant flying boat encircling her, cleverly dipping in salute over her masts, little realised at the time that the Prince was taking an occasional hand at the controls

All the time his interest has gone on growing. He took the Air Ministry medical test for pilots, a drastic business entailing punching and jumping, and came through with flying colours.

He was one of the comparatively few who recognised the genius of the late Bert Hinkler. He had him at St. James's Palace for a chat on aviation, and always keen on seeing any papers or documents connected with the exploits of any of his adventurous visitors, asked for the maps he used on his Atlantic crossing.

In a sandstorm

His admiration for Hinkler grew even more when the great little man turned red and mumbled that "he didn't have any."

The Prince has flown in all weathers—even in tropical Africa, where he has seen sand-devils whirling their way over the sand, great columns of sand being sucked up into the sky, and witnessed the start of a sandstorm while he was actually flying.

To-day he can set off for distant parts of the country without even a hat or overcoat, and with no more luggage than an ordinary week-end visitor would take away.

When he set off for the Scilly Islands recently he started by train and completed the journey by flying boat. And the people who waited at Paddington at 1.30 in the morning to see him off were surprised to see him arrive hatless, in a light lounge suit, just as if he had set out from St James's Palace for a five-minute stroll in the park.

A borrowed flying suit and helmet—that's all he wants nowadays, apart from a few articles of toilet, for a visit to the most distant parts of his estate.

His flying progress has reached the stage when his aeroplane has become a duplicate of his London office.

Wonder machine

He took possession of a new machine the other day, his sixth and latest—surely one of the most interesting aeroplanes in the world. The seats go back to become beds. There is a desk at which there is room both for himself and his secretaries.

A tiny refrigerator contains all the food necessary for himself, his pilot and his staff. And he can reach out towards a tiny kettle to make himself tea whenever he wants it.

There are parachutes for everyone in the machine, but they are so carefully hidden away in the roof that, although they can be brought into use in a split second, they would not be noticed by a chance visitor into the cabin.

One day the Prince may take it to Canada with him and use it to fly across country from Montreal, his port of landing, to his ranch in Alberta. Certainly he has asked Atlantic fliers what the flying is like between those two points.

Flying Ambassador

His tenants in different parts of England already know how he likes to survey his property from the air, often going far out of his way to do so.

That, then, is the portrait of the Prince of Wales as an airman. He is as enthusiastic about flying as any young man in the country, and his enthusiasm grows day by day.

His confidence in the newest method of travel has helped to bring Britain to its present stage of air-mindedness. And that, in turn, has helped to make us supreme in the world in the manufacture of machines.

So that the Prince, although not the possessor of a flying "ticket," has nevertheless done as much for aviation and the British aircraft industry as some of the best-known fliers.

Heralding a new era

It is an advantage to the whole Empire, and not to himself alone, that "he has made flying his main means of transport nowadays," as he revealed at Norwich when yet again furthering the scheme he has so much at heart for municipal aerodromes all over Britain.

He is, indeed, doing as much as anyone to inaugurate the era of flying for all.

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists in recent articles, both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression, should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collects. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness, liver disorders and minor ailments of all kinds, as well as those troubled with rheumatism or indigestion, should get a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and thus maintaining vigorous health.

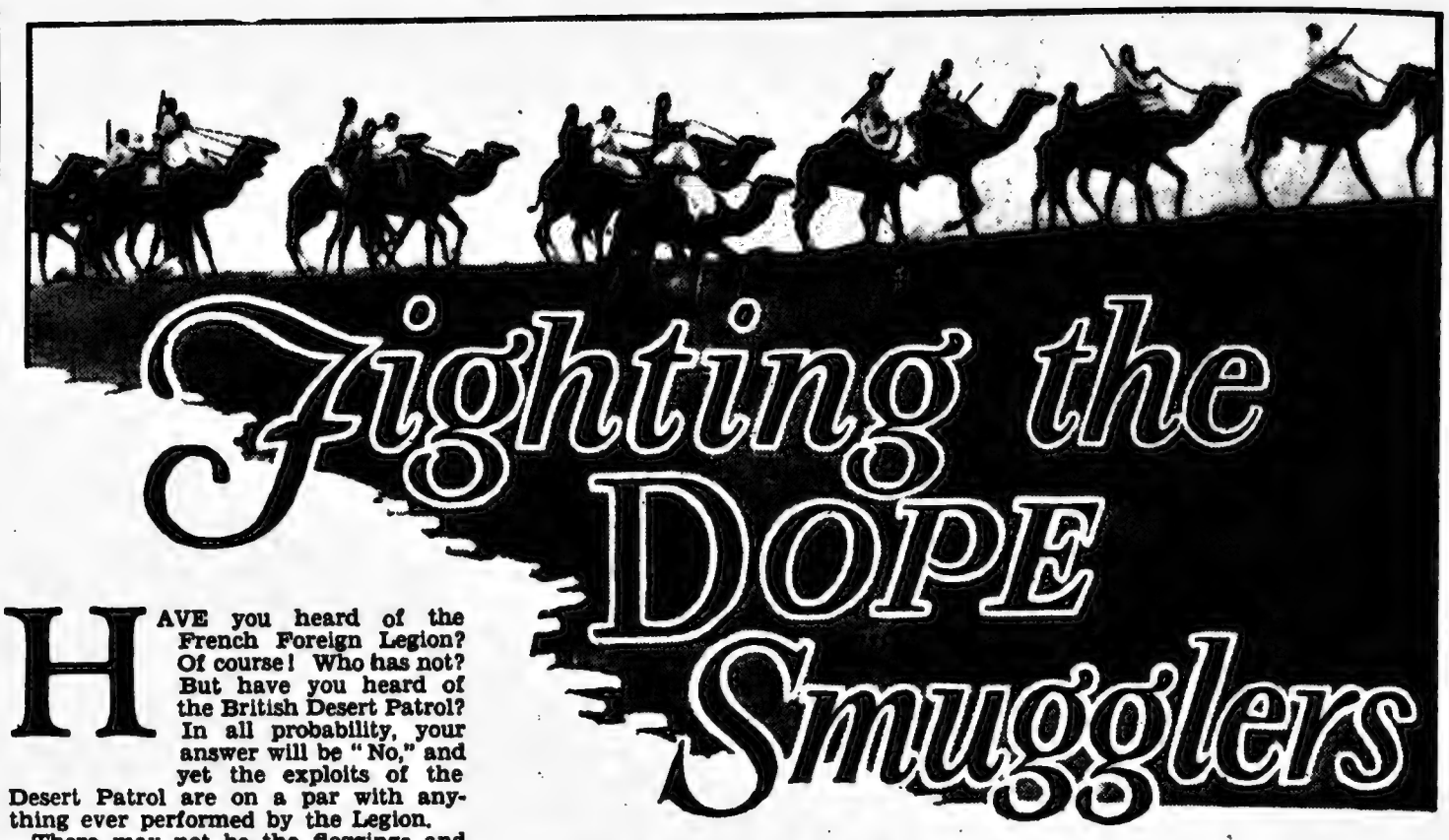
WHY WE GET INDIGESTION
HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, SLUGGISHNESS & OTHER EVERYDAY DISORDERS

Do you know that most everyday ills, indigestion, headaches, insomnia, sluggishness, constipation and even rheumatism start in the stomach? Excess acid is the root cause, making food ferment and form toxins and poisons which are carried all over the body, thus disturbing the alkaline balance of the whole system and affecting the general health in many ways. The only sure way to banish excess acid, and thus restore correct alkaline balance, is to take, after meals, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which any chemist can supply at 1s. 3d. a package. All trace of excess acid is instantly neutralised, fermentation is stopped, the alkaline balance is re-established, and indigestion, headaches and most everyday disorders definitely banished.

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

On every Bottle & Tin of Fox's Glacier Mints you will see this label. It is a guarantee of purity and quality. Your guarantee that you are getting the finest peppermint in the World, with a flavour that has never been equalled.

From all Confectioners.
Wrapped & unwrapped, 6d. per qr. lb.



Fighting the DOPE Smugglers

HAVE you heard of the French Foreign Legion? Of course! Who has not? But have you heard of the British Desert Patrol? In all probability, your answer will be "No," and yet the exploits of the Desert Patrol are on a par with anything ever performed by the Legion.

There may not be the floggings and other atrocities, but if it's adventure that you want, the Desert Patrol has plenty—with a good deal to spare.

I know what I am talking about, for I was a lieutenant in the corps for eight breathless years. I joined up in 1920 through the Cairo recruiting office, and though I was only nineteen at the time, Colonel Dumache immediately allotted me a position of responsibility. That just shows you the field for enterprising youth that awaits one in Egypt!

But at the same time the men of the Patrol are glad that they have not the publicity of the Foreign Legion, for this publicity usually causes only the more undesirable characters to join up.

The characters of the Patrol are first and last men, trustworthy police, receiving good pay and good food in return for good services. Nubians, Britishers, Algerians, even Germans—all picked men—they find in the hazardous life of the Upper Libyan Desert all the thrills they can desire.

And now perhaps you'll be supposing that they fight warring tribes and generally keep the sheiks in order. There you will be partly right, but mostly wrong. If the Desert Patrol was merely engaged with a few fierce Bedouins, the life would not be at all exciting.

IN the main, we—I can't help thinking I'm back in the past!—grappled with a far more intelligent enemy. The hashish smuggler! The huge profits to be made out of this trade always attract men of marked cunning and wit, and similarly the rewards offered for the capture of hashish and smugglers always attracted us.

Six shillings is paid on every pound of hashish captured and £90 on every smuggler. So you may be sure we were always very much on the *qui vive!*

Not that every day brought a dust-up. Many times the rumour of a gang led us a long, fruitless journey across the desert—only for us to discover in the end that we had been hoaxed by hashish agents who were planning a high-speed caravan by another route.

SOMETIMES, however, excitement came with a bang, and one of the biggest adventures I ever found myself mixed up in was when we caught the wily Masruh Khalid.

Information of hashish movements usually reached my superior officer, Captain Renny, through diverse channels; but one blazing July day a messenger came galloping down with a coded note from the intelligence department in Cairo.

Captain Renny promptly set to decoding it, and we learned that we had to move over towards the Siwa Oasis at once.

Somebody had bought a good quantity of the dope in Syria, and one of the most cunning agents engaged in the traffic, Masruh Khalid, had transported the stuff into Egypt in an exceedingly roundabout fashion.

He had crossed Sinai, going zig-zag from well to well, and eluded three patrols there. Then by tramp steamer the hashish had been carried past Suez, past the two sea-going patrol vessels that ply off the Egyptian coast, and his illicit cargo had been landed somewhere east of Matruh.

There the famous camel-riders of the Frontier Defence Administration had been successfully defied, and now the smugglers were attempting to make Cairo by way of Libya.

Three patrols were on our trail, ourselves included, but as many as eight patrols have been outwitted before now and we had no guarantee of success. Moreover, Masruh Khalid was notoriously elusive. His capture would be a feather in anyone's cap.

There were seven of us riding together, and we set off at once towards Siwa, where the smuggler was believed to have watered his camels.

Since these beasts can go 400 miles without water, it would not be difficult for him to complete his journey without another halt—and yet we hoped to cut across his trail somewhere amid the sand dunes.

And—lo and behold!—about ninety miles west of Siwa, we came upon tracks in the desert. The captain glanced expectantly at our sand-tracker, Hassan Dunk. Dunk grunted and dismounted and stuck his finger in the sand to test the depth of the hoof-marks.

HASSAN had an eye for sand that was positively uncanny. He could tell whether a lightly loaded patrol had gone that way or a dope-carrying caravan. He could estimate the speed of the cavalcade that had passed, and tell the number of camels. Now he straightened and grunted again.

"Fourteen camels, I think," he said. "Seven loaded, seven carrying men. They're travelling fast. And dates are not carried at this speed. Um—yes. They passed about twenty-four hours ago!"

A word of command and we circled round and set out along the trail of those tracks at top speed. Hour after hour passed and still we sped on. Hassan saw that the tracks grew less and less old. We were gradually gaining. . . .

These are the times when patrol men have opportunity to think. Always we hurried forward, but nothing relieved the monotony of the scenery, nothing lessened the heat of the sun, nothing interrupted the tedium of pursuit.

Occasionally wind eddies had concealed the markings, and we had to cast about a little, but that was all. And then Nature took a hand.

A sandstorm! A black cloud was growing from the horizon and we cursed volubly, for we knew what that meant. The tracks would be obliterated, and Masruh Khalid would get clear away, adding another leaf to his laurels.

It was upon us in an instant, so sudden and intense a simoon that we could not get the camels to lie down, and while we tried to shelter ourselves behind them, the beasts stood moaning, terror-stricken.

Every track was obliterated in a second; sand was in our eyes, in our hair, whipping itself painfully against our faces. One could hardly breathe; the heat was unbearable.

The sand-clouds turned day into night, and not only that. When, after what seemed like hours and hours, it passed us and became a mere black

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

They Thank You

THE subscribers to our Fund, on holiday or at home, will like to know how much happiness they have brought to some of our cases.

Ruth's father, who suffers from tuberculosis, and was able through our readers' help to move out of London with his family, writes: "I shall never forget your readers' great kindness and sympathy to me and mine. I have improved in health and my wife and children were never so well."

Ruby's mother writes: "I shall never be able to tell how much I owe for the help I have received from you. The children too are very grateful. They think it is lovely to have their home back again and to be happy and comfortable. They know it is all due to the kindness of JOHN BULL's readers."

And this from Walter's mother: "I wish to write and thank you most gratefully on behalf of my husband and myself for the great kindness you have shown towards us. It came as a godsend and a great tonic I can assure you to my husband. As for myself, well, it has given me extra strength and energy to carry on."

There are thanks from the families of James and John and Peter. Alan's father when he called asked that the subscribers who have helped to keep father and son together should be thanked.

Here, also, are one or two notes of thanks from those helped out of our General Fund:

A man suffering from cancer: "Kindly convey to all concerned my heartfelt gratitude and thanks. It was a godsend indeed. God bless you."

A sick man's wife concludes her letter: "We shall ever remain full of gratitude to JOHN BULL, our only friend in our trouble."

An ex-Service man says: "You can rest assured that my condition will improve now that I know I can get the convalescence which is so essential to my recovery. Once again I thank you most gratefully."

Because we have a long waiting list, we have always to ask for subscriptions to be sent to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. A list of subscriptions is kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES

49

"When I again opened my eyes, grateful shade was above me and a Bedouin warrior squatted at my side"

loud fading away in the east, we discovered that the intense heat had dried up the water in our linen bags.

It meant that Masruh had certainly escaped. We should have to return forthwith to Siwa, unless . . .

There was a slight chance. A well might be within a few miles of us tucked away somewhere in the desert. Captain Kenny asked for a volunteer to take out the one mare we had with us.

If that volunteer would sit motionless in the saddle, the animal's instinct would guide her to the nearest well. Then water bags could be replenished and brought back to the Patrol.

If there was no well near at hand, then the Patrol would suffer! And if the mare failed, then the volunteer might never return. . . .

I WANT you to picture the speed with which we came to a decision, for haste was everything while Masruh was getting further and further away. I was chosen for the task and duly tied to the saddle, and with a wave of my hand I was off.

How long we should be delayed, or even whether I should return at all, I knew not. The one consolation was that the smuggler must also have been held up by the storm and was perhaps suffering in similar fashion.

Let's not go into the details of my lone ride. I rode through the chill of night and the burning furnace of the following day. Suffice it to say that the tortures of heat and thirst presently had their effect on me. While the mare trotted on, on, on, I relapsed into unconsciousness.

WHEN I again opened my eyes, grateful shade was above me and a Bedouin warrior squatted at my side. I made the gesture of friendship. He replied in kind, and cool water was poured down my throat.

And then I remembered my companions. I explained their plight. I asked for water. Within two hours I was alone once more in the vast wilderness. . . .

You may be sure that I hurried, yet even then my mission had taken too long. Back along my tracks I went, and I shall never forget the shout that went up when I at last sighted my band.

For several hours the soldiers had been raving with thirst and one or two had torn up their waterbags with their teeth. One of the Nubians had been delirious, and one of the camels had been so affected by the simoon that we had to shoot him then and there.

But a police patrol is nothing if not persistent. The smugglers' caravan must now be far away, yet we had a rough idea of the direction he had taken, and we decided to carry on. There was always the reward to be considered!

I'm a crude hand with pen and paper, but I can hope you can see us jog-trotting across the drab sands under a leaden sky, while every now and then the captain searched the horizon with field-glasses.

That next day, after we had travelled some thirty miles or more, we circled out, hoping to pick up some sign of the hashish trail.

After a time we found it! Clear signs of an encampment, obviously where our quarry had halted during the simoon, and leading away from this the plain path of a caravan.

Hassan Dunk pronounced it to be the same party that we had followed earlier in the week, and we whooped joyously. Something must also have held up Masruh. He could not be far away. We cocked our rifles in readiness. Regulations forbid the patrol man to fire unless the smuggler has fired first, but there's no harm in anticipating.

Then came another sign. Hashish bales strewn along the trail—a sure proof that we were making progress, but equally an indication that we had been sighted by the smugglers, who had thrown the hashish from the backs of their camels in order to make a faster pace and a getaway.

We drew rein for an instant. Should we stop to collect the hashish and be content with the reward for that, or should we carry on with our pursuit, leaving the hashish to be picked up by some passing Arab who might load his camels with the loot and set off for the nearest hideaway?

"Carry on!" cried the captain, and so on we went. We had the comfortable knowledge that odds were even, that we were seven against seven, but—my word! —that was some ride! Hour after hour, till the sunset and the moon rose, and even then we did not cease to lope in steady pursuit

Nor, it seemed, did the smugglers cease to flee, for Hassan informed us every now and then that we were keeping an even distance.

Always the smugglers were half an hour in the lead, but just as the sun rose red on the horizon Hassan pronounced that only a few minutes divided us.

HARDLY had he spoken when a sharp crackle of rifle fire spat from a line of sand hills ahead. One of our men screamed and fell, and we were all down in the sand in an instant.

I won't tell you of all the desultory firing that went on all that day, because it would make uninteresting reading anyway. Once we divided and tried to advance on Masruh from the rear, but there was no budging his band. And it must have been getting on for late afternoon when something else happened.

Behind the firing from the hill we heard another line of firing The next moment figures were running towards us down the slope of the hill, running with cries for mercy. A patrol sent out from somewhere along the Nile had taken them in the rear. . . .

There's not much else to add, except that when we had all got together we tied Masruh—a black-bearded devil—to one of his camels and shaved him as clean as a new-born babe. Even Masruh's six men guffawed at the sight, for with a few strokes of a razor we reduced him to the condition of a beardless boy, at whom even Allah would jeer.

Masruh Khalid gave no more trouble as a hashish smuggler, and we collected both the reward on the man and the reward on his dope!

NEXT WEEK: An absorbing story of the adventures of a modern Crusoe, castaway on a desert island during a "pleasure" cruise!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"A smile belonging to Fay Marbe WAS INJURED for £15,000."

ELTHAM REVIEW:—"Rhode Island Reds, April THATCHED, from good stock."

HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Bradford Wool.—SINNERS appear to be getting even busier."

ORKNEY HERALD:—"Despite the abnormal DEATH continuing during the season, no complaint is heard regarding the hay crop."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"One of the comparatively few sites available for firing live SHELVES in this country."

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"A flag-fence 100 yards away WAS RAISED to the ground."

LEEK POST:—"EMPLOYMENT, every responsible citizen realises, is a great national EVIL."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"An absorbing mystery drama, which is in some respects akin to the noted 'Dr. Jekyll and MRS. Hyde.'"

NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL:—"The arcades and shops on the ground FLOUR are now pretty well occupied."

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST:—"The steamer STANK, but the sturdy SAILOR escaped with crumpled bows."

A youth from the African Veldt Told his doctor how poorly he feldt

He said Give up fish And put dish after dish

Of POST TOASTIES right under your beldt.

Are hot, sunny days a trial to you? . . . Then start off with this light and dainty breakfast food that's always refreshing. See the difference it makes! There's energy in these toasted hearts of corn. The quick energy you need to begin each sun-soaked morning aright! Have Post Toasties at every breakfast and *keep cool!* Post Toasties stay *crisp* in milk or cream.

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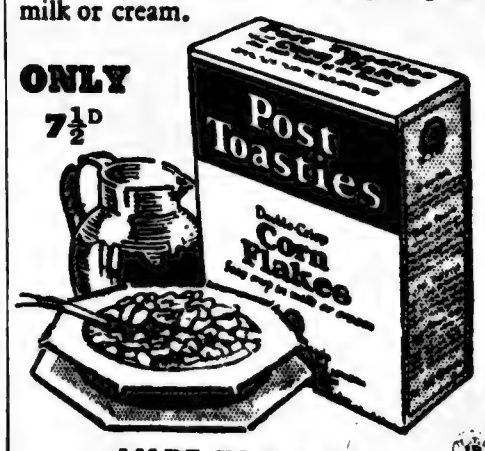

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"It's apple-blossom time in Normandy."

And—it's Hay-Fever time everywhere!

The poet Coleridge once wrote, in a letter to a friend—"summer is setting in with its usual severity." Times don't alter—much!

To some people, however, *every* summer is a bad summer. For it is a time of perpetual sneezing, watering of the eyes, difficult breathing, and general misery. In fact, it is hay-fever time!

Whether it be generally known or not, the truth is that an almost complete relief from this distressing complaint is available to everybody.

If you have a bottle of Milton somewhere about the house—and there are few homes indeed which are *not* Milton homes to-day—you possess the best means ever discovered of clearing the nasal passages, relieving congestion in the head and soothing the eyes. The full instructions—which are actually ridiculously simple—will be found under paragraph 41 in the little book packed with every bottle.

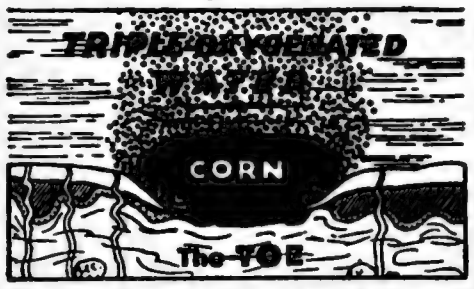
Even if they do not suffer from hay fever themselves, this is a tip which kind people may well remember, and hand on to those less fortunate.

Apart from its remarkable power to relieve this complaint, Milton possesses some 150 further uses. Among them are the welcome relief it brings in cases of sunburn and mosquito bites. The way a touch of Milton will soothe the irritation—particularly with bites—is simply no less than astonishing.

You see therefore how desirable it is to have a bottle of Milton about the place in summertime. Its excellent companion products—Milton toothpaste and Milton ointment—complete a trio which have been aptly known as "The good companions of the bathroom shelf."

All three cost only 6d. each.

CORNS come right out in



The above section shows how the loosening properties of a 'Reudel' foot-bath penetrate underneath a corn, immediately relieving the pressure on sensitive nerves and ultimately releasing the corn, root and all.

The remarkable ingredients of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' have a wonderful solvent action upon the dead "horny" skin composing corns and callouses and a refreshing and antiseptic effect upon live healthy skin.

If 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' is used the corns must go. Moreover if its occasional use is continued, further corns or callouses have no chance to form.

During the past fifteen years many millions of packets of this wonderful preparation have been sold, ***always under an unqualified guarantee of satisfaction or money back.***

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES 1/6

AMAZING REMEDY FOR CATARRH

I CURED MINE FOR 1/3

"Nostroline" ends Catarrh for ever. Gives Instant Relief. Splendid also for Head Colds, Hay Fever, Stuffiness, Deafness, Head Noises. 1/3 at all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline," J.41, *Clifton, Bristol*

'NOSTROLINE'

Poison-Pen Fiends

—the only Answer for them

THE anonymous letter-writer, like the blackmailer, is one of the worst pests of society, and this week I wish to deal with the scourge.

My first correspondent is a man who tells me that he fell out of work owing to the depression, and, as he received no unemployment relief, he was forced gradually to sell up the home he had striven so hard to get together.

Finally, in desperation, in order to provide food for himself, his wife and child, he took the wrong turning, which landed him in jail.

"When the prison gates were opened on the day of my release," he says, "my wife and child were waiting for me, ready to start life anew. And, after a fortnight's search, this seemed possible, for I was lucky enough to find a post with a London firm.

"Within two days of getting the job I was sacked. Someone had written to inform my employer of my conviction.

"I was, of course, heartbroken, but refused to give up the struggle. Since then I have managed to get a little home together again and have had a number of posts, all of which I have lost sooner or later because of this enemy of mine.

"THE strain, however, is at last telling on me. I can see no end to this business and cannot go on much longer. As a matter of fact, there are times when I feel tempted to take that other 'way out,' and only the thought of my wife and children restrains me."

As I read this simple, tragic story, I realised how difficult it is for a man who has once made a slip to retrieve his good name. Yet it has been done. And, with courage and persistence, it can be done again. My correspondent certainly possesses these qualities. His pluck and endurance in the face of repeated knocks definitely prove that.

But what advice am I to give him? I think the first step is for him to find out the writer of these anonymous letters. It must be someone who has a grudge against him and who is familiar with all his movements.

He should not hesitate, if necessary, to seek the aid of the police. I have known them to be good friends in many cases where the people concerned have made up their minds to go straight.

If this enemy who writes these poisonous missives discovers that he has enlisted their aid, it may make him hesitate before continuing his dastardly work.

And the police could help in this way, too: They could appeal to an employer not to allow himself to be influenced by any low-down anonymous attacks.

But if, like so many men in his position, he fights shy of the police, I would suggest that he should talk over the matter with a probation officer. They are always, I know, ready to assist cases of this kind.

My correspondent might also write to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the address of which is Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

THIS young man, in spite of the scarcity of employment, has managed to secure a good many jobs. That in itself shows that he has energy and persistence. I am convinced that, if he can retain his optimism and determination over his present rough bit of road, he will eventually win through. Nothing can stop him.

But the anonymous letter-writer does not confine his attentions to those who have something to hide. His nasty mind sees suspicious circumstances in the most innocent relationships, as my next letter will show:

"I am twenty-four years of age, have been married four years, and we have a little girl of nearly three. My husband is 'one of the best,' and we have been very happy—and still are in spite of a dark cloud which now hangs over us.

"Our trouble is this: We have become the victims of an anonymous letter-writer. One day, some time ago, after my husband had gone to work, I received a visit from a man whom I hadn't seen for a long time and with whom I used to go to school. He is now married.

"Perhaps I did a foolish thing, for I asked him in. Afterwards, when we happened to meet in the street, we would walk part of the way together, thinking nothing of it. For several months now I have not even seen him. A little while ago an unsigned letter came, addressed to my husband, accusing me of associating with a married man.

"I was alone when the postman brought it and I opened it, thinking it was probably some business I could attend to for him, but I nearly fainted when I saw the contents. If I had been guilty, I should have burnt it, but, although I was heartbroken, I handed it to my husband. He took it very calmly and patted my cheek, saying 'Forget it!'

"Last week another letter of the same kind came addressed to my brother, but I sent it on to him and his wife opened it. Inside was a second letter with a request that it should be handed to my husband. My family, especially my own man, have taken it very well, but I feel I cannot rest until I can prove my innocence of the charges. It would lift a load from my heart if you would advise me."

Most certainly I will. So long as her conscience is clear and her husband and family believe in her, I should let the matter rest where it is. Unless these attacks do actual damage, they are far better treated with contempt.

But if these letters persist and are sent to other people, then an attempt must be made to stop them. And this can only be done by evoking the aid of the law, either through the police or a solicitor.

If this step is to be resorted to, this woman has this great advantage over my first correspondent—she has possession of the letters which are the cause of the trouble. And they may provide a clue to the identity of the writer. If he is caught, the law of libel and slander would operate. And judges have no mercy on such offenders.

NOW, there are certain walks of life which lend themselves to the activities of the blackmailer and the poison-pen writer, and the Church is one of them. A clergyman holds a public position and his works and ways are subject to more than ordinary criticism.

My third problem this week is sent to me by a parson. Before he was ordained, he tells me, and whilst still a very young man, he compromised himself with a woman acquaintance, to whom he was then deeply attached.

"I discovered, however," he continues, "that I was not the only man in her life, and, in fact, some long time after we parted, she gave birth to a child by another man, who married her shortly before the baby arrived.

"This man has now written me a letter informing me that his wife has confessed to our previous relationship and he said that he proposed to call upon me.

"This he did last night, and he hinted that, unless I am willing to make a money payment, he will place the facts before my bishop. I am, of course, desperately ashamed of that one lapse of my youth, but, if he does carry out his threat, it will mean my resignation and the end of my present work. It will also bring disgrace upon the Church.

"I know that, ordinarily, it is unwise to pay money in cases of this kind, but my circumstances are rather exceptional, and I wonder if you think I ought to do so for the sake of peace."

These circumstances, as my correspondent says, are very exceptional. But only in this way: He is not faced with someone who has himself been injured and who is seeking for redress, but with a blackmailing bully.

Rather than submit to the demands of such a man I would go to the bishop myself and tell him the whole facts. But I do not think this course will be necessary, especially if my correspondent takes a firm stand now. He should let his accuser know that if his threats are repeated, the police will be called in.

Under no circumstances whatever should he pay over that money. This would not ensure "peace." On the contrary, it would only be the first of many similar payments. And those payments would not only be in cash, but drawn on the bank of mental and physical strength until the victim became an absolute wreck.

"Peace," it has been said, "can be either bought or won." In affairs of this kind it can never be bought, however high the price. It must be won.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and is always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

The anonymous letter writer's pen is a knife that stabs in the dark . . .

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
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THE TABLET

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Over 40,000 Receiving Stations. Your nearest Pillar Box or Boots Branch is one of them. Write for list J.B.

KING COTTON Holds Pandemonium

LIVERPOOL, besides her other distinctions, lays claim to being the brains of the cotton industry.

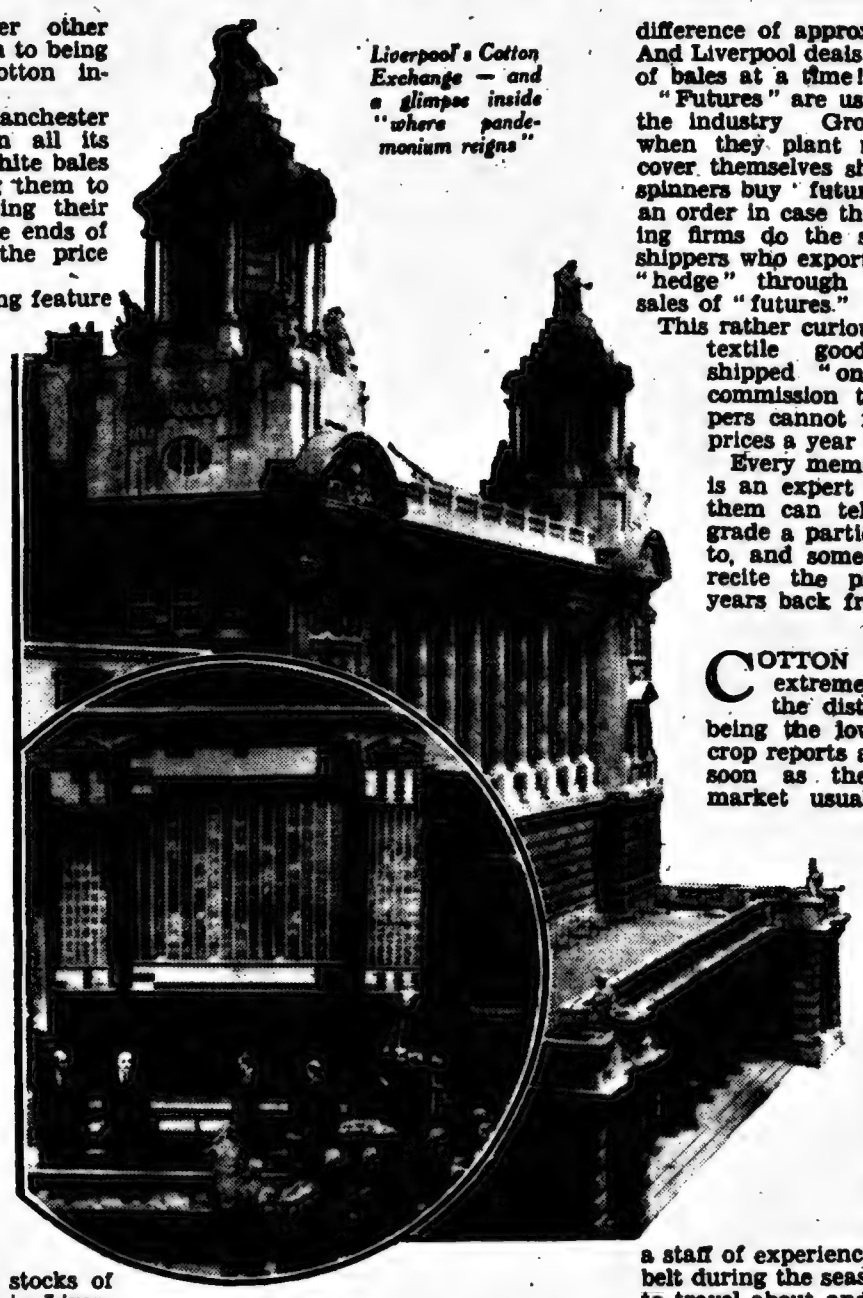
For although Manchester deals with cotton in all its aspects, importing the fluffy white bales through her docks, forwarding them to the hungry mills and collecting their products to export them to the ends of the earth, Liverpool decides the price of cotton.

And prices are the dominating feature of the world commerce.

Behind the imposing pillared front of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange during a busy session reigns pandemonium. Indeed, a visitor unversed in the ways of cotton might be forgiven for imagining that here at any rate lunacy was rampant.

Picture the vast floor of 'Change. Huge indicator boards display rows of rapidly changing figures. Attendants work feverishly to keep pace with the market, and the din is terrific.

Hundreds of men, hatless, coatless and perspiring, shout, push and jostle as the prices flicker up and down. Groups surround the clattering tape machines which tell of the state of markets in New York, New Orleans, Alexandria and on the Continent as they "follow Liverpool."



Liverpool's Cotton Exchange — and a glimpse inside "where pandemonium reigns"

AND in Manchester, and throughout the mill country, directors and managers of cotton firms are watching anxiously to see "what Liverpool is doing."

For Liverpool, as the clearing-house of most of the world's cotton, is the chief arbiter of textile destiny.

More than half the cotton stocks of Great Britain are warehoused in Liverpool. All the cotton sold in this country is sold at prices fixed at Liverpool and subject to Liverpool standards; and the majority of it has found a buyer on 'Change before the seed was planted in the rich earth of the cotton belts!

That is the most remarkable feature of this amazing prelude to Lancashire's mills.

So highly organised is the Liverpool cotton market that cotton can be sold as pieces of paper to the man who will ship the finished goods to India—before the crop has been harvested!

This unique feature is probably the reason why nobody has in recent years ever managed to "corner" cotton. Those who have tried have been the sufferers.

It is this very "craziness" (as it seems to the layman) that enables the industry to continue for more than a week at a time Cotton, of course, can only be harvested during a limited period. There is a glut for a time and then a period of waiting for the next crop.

LEFT to itself cotton would follow other crops in producing a big fall in prices following the harvest with a steep rise in price as the new crop drew near.

The Liverpool market has obviated this, however, by a device known as the "futures market."

Part and parcel of the Exchange, the "futures market" deals in cotton which will be harvested during the coming year. Shipments of cotton arrive daily from the United States, India, Peru, Brazil, Egypt, Nigeria, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Kenya, South Africa, Rhodesia, Australia, China, Fiji, West India, Guatemala, Argentine and the Sudan.

Prices which depended on shipments would be erratic. The "futures market" avoids this. Basically, "futures" ensure that cotton may be bought now for future delivery without the expenditure of large sums. Frequently contracts are entered into for the supply of yarn and cloth six or more months ahead.

IF the raw material had to be purchased at once it would lead to an unstable market, and spinners and manufacturers would require huge amounts of liquid capital.

When an order for forward delivery is booked the manufacturer instructs his broker to buy "futures."

Take an example. An Oldham spinner has an order to be delivered next January. It will take a month to spin, so he must have cotton in December.

His price for yarn is based on to-day's price for "November futures," which is 6d. per pound. He buys 100 bales of "Novembers" at 6d. Not until he takes delivery in November does he pay for them, and so he saves his money and is certain of his supplies.

Each day a list of "futures prices" is printed in the cotton reports in the newspapers. They are usually for twelve months ahead and quotations are made in pence and hundredths of a penny a pound.

American cotton is usually packed in bales of 500 lb., so that a change of a farthing in the quotations means a difference of approximately 10s. a bale. And Liverpool deals in tens of thousands of bales at a time!

"Futures" are used by all sections of the industry Growers sell "futures" when they plant next year's crop to cover themselves should the price fall; spinners buy "futures" when they book an order in case the price rises. Weaving firms do the same, and even the shippers who export the finished article "hedge" through their purchases or sales of "futures."

This rather curious feature is because textile goods are frequently shipped "on approval" or on commission terms and the shippers cannot foresee the trend of prices a year hence.

Every member of the Exchange is an expert on cotton. Most of them can tell at a glance what grade a particular sample belongs to, and some of the dealers can recite the prices of cotton for years back from memory.

COTTON prices change with extreme rapidity, those for the distant months usually being the lowest. Governmental crop reports are studied closely as soon as they are issued, the market usually remaining open for an extra-late session on such occasions.

Most of the big brokers are connected by private telephone and telegraph wires with their branch offices, and cables are passing constantly to their agents in the other cotton centres advising them of "operations" in prospect.

Many of the larger houses keep a staff of experienced men in the cotton belt during the season. Their duties are to travel about and form an opinion as to the probable size of the crop and its quality. These reports, obtained at great expense, are usually supplied free to clients for their information and guidance.

Pessimistic estimates of the size of the crop react on the market instantly. There is a "bull wave" and prices soar upwards, often "beating the tape" in their rush.

All transactions are settled through the clearing-house which "fixes" prices for the previous week each Monday morning The differences between the "fixed prices" and those at which deals have been put through have to be paid into the clearing-house by the respective parties by 1 p.m. on the Thursday, or the defaulter is posted.

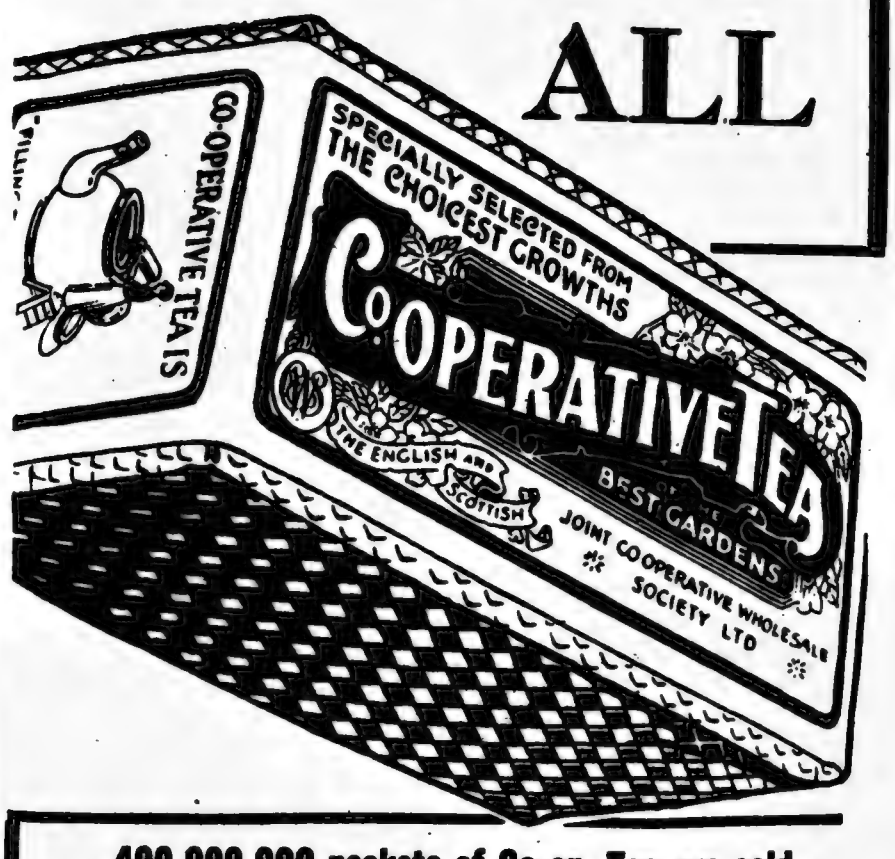
QUALITY is strictly guarded by the Liverpool Cotton Association, the ruling body. Every year an Appeal Committee of nine members selects two sets of cotton samples—the "Working Standards" and the "Reserve Standards."

The "standards" are used for comparison purposes in arbitration cases. The "Working Standards" are used for this, and are also open to inspection by members. The samples are compared with each other monthly

All contracts entered into "on Liverpool terms" are subject to arbitration and rarely is the award disputed. So high, indeed, is the standard of business morality that contracts involving tens of thousands of pounds are made with a nod and an entry in a pocket-book.

And they are faithfully kept!

THE *MOST* POPULAR TEA of ALL



400,000,000 packets of Co-op. Tea are sold in a year. The reason for this overwhelming popularity is the higher quality and lower prices only possible with owner-consumer production. Be wise, co-operation is open to all. Among the wide E. & S. Jt. C.W.S. range of teas there are blends to suit your particular taste and pocket.

ENGLISH & SCOTTISH JOINT

C·W·S TEA

Drink it Always

A range of blends for all tastes at prices to suit all pockets.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES

Issued by the English & Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.

On my feet all day!..

Now for a hot footbath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it! Soothing, healing water to coax their pain away, to revive and restore them, cool and comfort them. What a relief!

LAVENDER
LILY OF THE VALLEY
VERBENA
ESSENCE OF FLOWERS
PINE

Reckitt's

★ 2d. each, and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d. or 6 for 1/-

BATH CUBES

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Graves 'FLIGHT' Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 2/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 2/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

FREE SAMPLE OF SHAVEX

Every reader who cuts out the Coupon in the Shavex advt. on p. 31 and attaches to it his name and address together with a 2d. stamp to cover postage, etc., will receive a Free Sample of Shavex —the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving! Send for *your* Sample now!

HOW HOSPITALS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION

Some Good Advice by Alice Landles, Certified Nurse

This time of the year usually finds us busy with a run of simple but disturbing ailments arising from constipation and clogged liver (rightfully termed the beginning of all disease). The system becomes loaded with impurities, and there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. This results in headache, biliousness, dizziness, indigestion, languor, bad complexion, liverishness, backache, etc. Contrary to common belief, such drastic purgatives as Epsom, Rochelle, or other 'morning salts' and powders as generally used have practically no effect on the liver. They produce a strong aperient action by passing straight to the lower bowel, and flushing out the important intestinal juices, thus storing up future trouble. Nor do I advise the 'pill habit,' for if a few small pills are powerful enough to affect the entire contents of the intestines, they must be strong enough to produce an exceedingly harmful reaction. After years of hospital experience, my invariable advice to constipation sufferers is to drink two or three times a day a tumbler of water in which has been dissolved a level teaspoonful of *'Alkia Saltrates,'* which any chemist can supply. This medicinal water is quite pleasant to drink, and it will clear out a clogged liver and regulate the bile flow better than anything I know of, on account of the extreme rapidity with which it is absorbed. I have never noticed anything but excellent after effects with *'Alkia Saltrates,'* and results have always proved permanent.

"Now I can Walk in Comfort."

CORNS Lift Off —No Pain

Drop a little 'Freezone' on that painful corn or callous. *Instantly it stops aching*, and shortly comes right out. You can end every hard corn, soft corn, or callous in this quick, easy way. Ask your chemist or any branch of Boots', Taylor's or Timothy White's for a 1/3d. bottle of 'Freezone' Corn Remover.

CHILD HAD RASH AND ERUPTIONS

All Over Face. Irritation Terrible. Healed by Cuticura.

"My little girl of three had a rash and sore eruptions all over her face. The eruptions were of a wet nature and inflamed, and later scaled over. The irritation was terrible and we had to tie her hands up at night to keep her from scratching. For two months she had hardly any sleep.

"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a free sample of each. I could see her face getting better so purchased more and within a fortnight she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. L. Greenfield, 39, Johnson Rd., Bromley Common, Kent, Eng.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s 3d and 2s 6d. Talcum 1s 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

★ CORRECTION.

Owing to a printer's error in the SHADFORTH advertisement which appeared on page 14 of last week's issue of "JOHN BULL," the price in the Shadforth Prescription No. 283 should have read **2/6** (50) and not 2/-.

Speed Wizard —for the LAST TIME

"On through to victory, and cheers, and flowers"—Captain Barnato after winning the 1930 Le Mans race

A Greatest Hour by Capt. Woolf BARNATO

who here reveals that after thrice winning the famous Le Mans motoring contest he kept his promise to himself never to race a car again

LOOKING back and taking into consideration the varied adventures and thrills which I have experienced during my life, I do not hesitate in choosing as the hour I would prefer to live over again that in which I won the twenty-four hours Le Mans Race for the third time in succession in 1930, thus making a record as well as fulfilling an ambition.

You may wonder why I do not choose for my greatest hour the one in which I won that race for the first time, when there was the additional zest to my triumph.

I am a man, though, who always prefers to be doing and striving after, rather than achieving, and for this same reason I find that realisation seldom equals anticipation.

Naturally, winning the Le Mans race for the first time *was* a thrill—a great thrill, in fact—but I had set out to do something more. I had determined in my own mind to win that race—not only once or twice, but three times in succession. Furthermore, I had made a promise to myself that if I were lucky enough to accomplish this I would be content to rest upon my laurels.

Eerie silence

So you understand that the hour I have chosen was one that any man might envy me, or in the same circumstances wish to live over again. It was the culmination of a long desire.

As I look back now, how vividly I recall every moment leading up to that Great Hour, 4 p.m. on that scorching Sunday afternoon, when after hours of the hum and roar of the engine there came a strange and eerie silence as it ceased.

Some moments elapsed before I realised it was all over. Those last moments were the most thrilling of all. Then wild cheering from the onlooking crowds, more cheering, the band plays the Marseillaise, then our National Anthem.

Then my own first action after all the strain—my co-driver, the late Glen Kidston, and I congratulate each other.

Huge garlands of flowers were ready to decorate the car in truly French fashion. Eventually with the car thus gaily adorned we drove triumphantly through the old town of Le Mans. All along the roads were the townsfolk waving and shouting. Yes, a great hour, indeed.

Endurance—lots!

As I have already said, I was tremendously keen to win the Le Mans Race on this third time of asking.

Most people know the Le Mans Race is a great test of endurance. In fact, it is called the "Grand Prix d'Endurance."

The competing cars are running for a solid twenty-four hours from Saturday afternoon until Sunday. The high speed laps are broken every two hundred miles in order to change drivers and for refuelling. One driver rests in the pits whilst the other carries on. You may imagine that filling up is done as rapidly as possible, as this is all lost time, and being unduly slow considerably lessens the chances of ultimate success.

Perhaps one might with absolute truth describe the whole race as a great twenty-four hours. At any rate, I do not think that anyone who has competed in it is likely to forget one minute of it.

To begin with, there was all the interest and excitement of helping the mechanics to get the car ready. I was racing with a six-and-a-half litre Bentley model.

Every racing driver knows the anxious moments which are spent while a car is being tuned up to the acme of perfection. Is it to be wondered at, when so much may depend upon the slightest hitch? We were lucky. I don't recall that we had any preliminary setbacks. Everything was complete and well in order by the fateful moment when the race was due to commence.

We're off!

It was a boiling hot afternoon. It is always hot for the Le Mans Race, I believe! The shining tarred road adds to the impression of heat.

"Shall I win? Shall I bring off the triple event?" I remember how these questions kept asking themselves in my mind just before the start. My only answer was that I was going to have a jolly good try

Finally the hands of the clock crept up. Four o'clock in the afternoon. The starting flag was dropped—off we go. It has really begun.

Round and round the tree-lined course. In time spectators, everything, seem to be drowned, submerged into one thing, the roar of the engine. The waving, excited crowds become just a blurred mass of nondescript colour. Another car is seen in the distance. An anxious moment. Then, joy. He is not travelling as quickly as you are!

When you catch him you will have lapped him. Then you commence to figure out mentally how long it will take, perhaps a quarter of an hour, before you can reduce the intervening space between you. Then, after passing, to lengthen the distance between you.

How different from ordinary motoring.

After two and a half hours I stopped at the pits. My place at the wheel was taken by my companion, and I was able to relax for a time.

Then my turn came again—and so it went on hour after hour.

There were moments when I doubted whether I should succeed Then, next moment, the determination to win would come back with renewed vigour.

All through the torrid Sunday morning we roared and raced, until every inch of the track was firmly imprinted on my mind.

I regretted the coolness, slight though it was, of the preceding night, as after it the increasing heat of the noonday sun seemed to be more exhausting than ever.

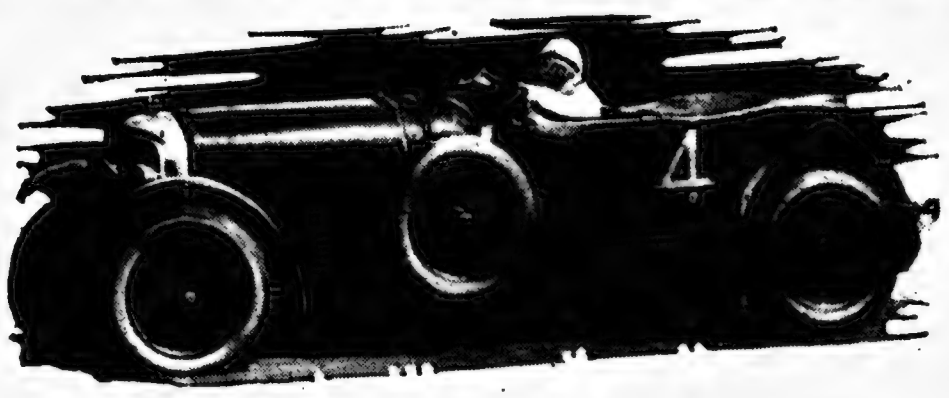
I kept it

Yet it was a reminder that the last lap was growing nearer every minute. And so on and on through the heat till —victory, and cheers, and flowers.

I had achieved my great ambition. It was a great hour, I know, when I look back on it. But the truth is that at the actual time I was so terribly fatigued that I could not fully enjoy it.

Again, there was the promise which I had made to myself: that should I succeed, this hour would mark the end of my career as a racing driver.

And I have kept my promise.



"Round and round the tree-lined course we roared and raced, hour after hour"

A FAMILY TREAT

Everyone enjoys the crisp, crunchy flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Deliciously tasty ... satisfying ... and economical. No cooking ... no waste. Serve them straight from the packet.

They're especially good with fruit in season and cold milk or cream. Light and easily digested. Many servings from a single packet. Your grocer sells Kellogg's in the red-and-green packet.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG in LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C.2

7½d per packet
(Irish Free State excepted.)

288

Exceptional value in FREE GIFTS

PURSE *Suede leather, 4 partitions and Treasury Note case. G.88 Only 75 Coupons.*

BOX CAMERA *made by Coronet, 2¼" x 3¼" T and I shutter G.455. 140 Coupons.*

GLASS JUG *British made. G.160. 105 Coupons.*

Marvellous gifts—valuable gifts—things you really want—there are hundreds in the new Nestlé's Gift Book. Yours for so few coupons, too! Always ask for Nestlé's Chocolate—there is a vast delicious variety to choose from and a coupon in all the wrapped varieties, from the 2d. bar upwards.

Send the coupon below at once for Nestlé's new Gift Book and five Free coupons!

NESTLÉ'S chocolate

5 FREE COUPONS

To NESTLÉ'S (*Gift Dept.*), Silverthorne Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.8
Please send me the NEW Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS
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This offer applies only to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. ½d. stamp if envelope is unsealed.

PLAYERS *"MEDIUM"* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · 100's BOXES 4/8ᵈ · FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6

FREE!

Test, free of charge, the wonderful properties of "Pepsodent Toothpaste," the new method which keeps the teeth white and brilliant and prevents dental decay. Write mentioning "John Bull," and enclose 1½d. stamp to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69), Park Royal Rd., London, N.W., and a free 10-day Tube will be sent by return.

DENTIST IN AGONY FROM STOMACH PAINS.

2½ Years' Torture Ended in one Week.

One of Harrow's leading dentists has written us this remarkable letter.

"I can't shout the praises of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder too much—it has truthfully been a godsend to me. For 2½ years I have been a sufferer from stomach trouble—suffering agonising pains, so that I dreaded eating food of any description.

"Several doctors diagnosed my trouble as Gall stones and decided to operate. In sheer desperation I tried your powder and found, after the first few days, great relief. I have tried many Magnesia Mixtures—but Maclean's is *it*. I can honestly say that after one week's treatment I am a new man, the long drawn look of pain having entirely vanished. Medical friends of mine are astounded at the difference."

Such a testimonial from a Professional man is unusual but not for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If you suffer from indigestion in any form ask your doctor about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. He will tell you that its formula is now the recognised treatment in all the hospitals even for such serious things as gastric and duodenal ulcers.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

AG PAPERS have the largest circulation because they make the best cigarettes. *Fit all machines.*

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.

Before using Kotalko **my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls** until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. **Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger.** This improvement continued, and the hair is **now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.**

M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

See what Kotalko Will Do for You.

Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth activity in your scalp.
Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be re-covered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (53.WP), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Well Won, Champions of the CLANS!

IT is at this season of the year that Scots feel more Scottish than ever.

The Highland Games which are now in full stride—full "fling," perhaps, would be a better phrase — draw everybody in the country who can take train or walk to the nearest gathering. They draw, too, a few thousand of those others from over the Border and "over the water" who spend most of the rest of the year running things for the poor, helpless Sassenach!

No other country can show national festivals which can compare with them. Where your "Fete Nationales" last a day and your Eisteddfods a few days at most, the Highland Gatherings run on for weeks

Where the other festivals devote themselves to one thing—processions like the French; pageants like the English; singing and oratory like the Welsh; sports displays like the Germans—each and every one of the "gatherings" goes in for the whole lot. And every Scotsman, needless to say, believes that they do them better.

"And with the gay skirl of the pipes, the colourful whirl of tartaned skirts and the tests for porridge-hardened sinew, the festival goes on its way"

Month of months

The Games, or the Gatherings, as they are variously termed in different places, get going properly with the Ballater Games on August 24. They began this year, however, with the Strathpeffer Highland Games at Castle Leod on August 5. They will end with the Braemar Royal Gathering on Deeside on September 7.

In between are the festivals at a host of other places—Aboyne, Lochaber, Alva, Strathallan, Inverary, Inverness and others—names of places which evoke memories of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and which have figured more than once in the sombre pages of Scotland's history.

This year two festivals will be missing from the list. Rothienorman, in Aberdeenshire, for the first time in thirty years, with the exception of the war period, will not hold its gathering. Nor will the Elgin Highland Gathering, one of the oldest in the country, take place.

Industrial depression is the official reason.

The most popular of all the games are those staged at Cowal, the most spectacular those at Royal Braemar.

Cowal runs the biggest programme of events.

As many as sixty pipe bands compete for trophies like the Sir Harry Lauder Shield. Hundreds of athletes compete in hammer, stone and weight throwing, tossing the caber, and other tests for porridge-hardened sinew; and for the sweet reward of one of 800 gold and silver medals, or one of the cash prizes, totalling in all about £2,000.

Grace—and brawn

Hundreds of girls and boys from the Glasgow district show off their flings before anything from 30,000 to 50,000 spectators.

Music and dancing play a large part in the Cowal Games, and one of the high spots of the festival is the great march past of 1,200 pipers playing "The Campbells are Coming."

Brawn and sinew are the star turns at the Aboyne and Pitlochry Games. All the world's records for weight, hammer and stone throwing go to the latter place.

Aboyne, however, is famous for its caber tossing, the most truly Scotch of all these trials of strength. Its records were earned for it by one, Donald Dinnie, who at fifty-three years of age was still a champion. The caber, in case you don't know it, is a trimmed tree trunk about twenty feet long. It is set upright, heavy end on top. The tosser lifts it from underneath, runs with it until the heavy end begins to topple forward, and then heaves the light end upward. As the heavy end hits the ground the light end continues over to fall forward in a line with the tosser.

Greatest ever?

It is the straightest lie and the neatest action which gets the prize. Distance thrown is only incidental.

But the Braemar Gathering is the big event of the Highland Games, and in social importance is eclipsing all others. It is the Ascot of Scotland without the horses.

The last two years it has had bad luck. In 1931 it was cancelled owing to the death of the Princess Royal, and in 1932 it was washed out by rain and the King and Queen could not pay their accustomed visit.

Everybody connected with it is praying for fine weather this year, for they intend it to be the greatest gathering ever held even in the gay and spectacular history of Braemar.

The setting for Royal Braemar is one of the most beautiful of all. It is held in the Princess Royal Park, a natural amphitheatre enclosed by heather and fir-clad hills. Its north side is bounded by some of the highest mountains in Britain, the peaks of the Cairngorms.

All the colours of autumn glow ruddy and gold from surrounding hills, and overhead, when the weather is kind, arches the soft, ineffable blue of the northern autumn sky.

The Braemar Gathering excels in pageantry. It opens with the reception of the King and Queen and Royal Family, usually by the Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair, supported by other members of the great houses of Scotland.

Then comes the great march past of the clansmen to the lilting, blood-stirring strains of the war pibrochs.

The clansmen are composed of the Balmoral, the Duff, and the Invercauld Highlanders, girded, plaided and plumed in full tartan array.

Kilts and plaids

Twice they march round the arena headed by the Balmoral men from the Royal estate. Their kilts and plaids are of the Royal Stuart tartan. The Royal badge of the oak and thistle is in each man's Balmoral bonnet, and each of them carries a huge Lochaber axe.

Then come the Duff Highlanders carrying pikes and halberds, and after them the Invercauld men. These are all of the Clan Farquharson, whose tartan they wear.

After the pageantry come the games, the dancing, the piping and the singing, watched by 30,000 people. And with "leaping," tossing, running, the gay skirl of the pipes, and colourful whirl of tartaned kilts, the festival goes on its way.

But when the prowess and agility of the contestants with hand and foot and pibroch have been satisfied, when the different towns and glens have each played their match, when all the prizes have been won and lost, when the people have shouted, "Well won, Champions of the Clans!" the gatherings remain what they were intended to be, the biggest social event in the Scottish year.

There are old people who meet only once a year at these gatherings to renew their life-long friendships; young people who meet for the first time and begin what is to grow into more than friendship.

Pride of race

Many of the gatherings are centuries old, some of them began only in this generation, but all of them, from Skye to the Forth, from Aberdeen to Oban, are a cherished, happy part of Scottish national life, keeping alive the Scots tradition, the Scottish pride of race.

May they long continue to flourish.

The little cigar with the big reputation

Cartons of
3 FOR 6D.
6 FOR 1/-
Flat tins of
12 FOR 2/-

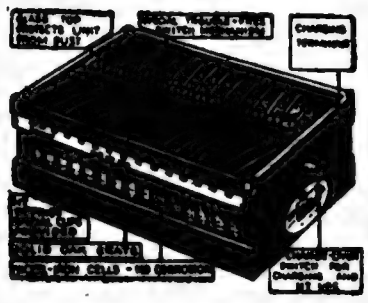
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. W.W.9

RADIO ENTHUSIASTS!

STOP WASTING MONEY — FIT A MILNES H.T. SUPPLY UNIT AND SAVE MONEY

Dry batteries have to be replaced before they are exhausted. H.T. accumulators are expensive to charge and in a year or two are worn out. The Milnes Unit goes on for years and years, never running down; never needing replacements—delivering H.T. current as smooth and pure as the finest battery, as dependable as the mains, and at absolutely minimum cost.

The Milnes Unit gives you real trouble-free radio. Connect it up to the L.T. accumulator, and when you turn off the set switch the unit on to charge. *It recharges itself automatically from the L.T. accumulator* without attention, without wasting a milliamp of current, and without risk of damage through over-charging. You cannot harm a Milnes Unit—the harder you work it the better it becomes. The nickel-cadmium plates are practically indestructible. The alkaline electrolyte does not corrode wires or terminals. Five-year-old units are working better to-day than when new. Over £50,000 worth of Milnes Units have been sold. Think of it—10,000 happy listeners freed for ever from H.T. troubles and expense! Get to know the revolutionary Milnes Unit TO-DAY. Post the coupon for



BIG FREE BOOK
giving fullest particulars.

PRICES IN GT. BRITAIN
90 v. £3:3:0 100 v. £3:9:5
120 v. £4:2:3 150 v. £5:1:6
Hire Purchase terms from 6/3 per month.

Keir Dawson & Bradford.

MILNES RADIO CO., CHURCH STREET, BINGLEY, YORKS.

Please send full particulars of Milnes' H.T. Supply Unit. No obligation.

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..... J.2.

'ASPRO' PAIN-RELIEF IS A FACT—NOT A PROMISE

People demand quick pain relief these days. There is no time to lie up. How to get relief is the question. The definite answer is 'ASPRO.' 'ASPRO' does not merely promise to give you relief, it GIVES YOU RELIEF in a few minutes. The most acute headache will yield to 'ASPRO' soothing influence in less time than it takes to tell—any nerve pain will—neuralgia—toothache—sciatica—pains of rheumatism. Furthermore, its soothing influence banishes the terrors of insomnia or sleeplessness—it soothes the irritable. When these facts are known they prompt the question—

WHY SUFFER? 'ASPRO' WILL PROTECT YOU FROM

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO'. The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet which contains two extra tablets.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone:
SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ASPRO

FAMILY BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

68 Oliphant Street, Queen's Park, London, W.10.

Dear Sir,

I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism. My family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO.' It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.

Yours truly,
J. WISEMAN.

HEAD PAINS GO

Bishops Waltham.

Sir,

I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' Tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some and he says he feels twice the man now.

I am, Yours respectfully,
L. K. (Mrs.).

FINDS 'ASPRO MUCH BETTER THAN ASPIRINS

Buxton.

Dear Sirs,

For the past few months I have been taking 'ASPRO' and found them much better than the aspirins which I have previously used.

Thanking you and wishing you continued success. I always recommend them now.

Yours faithfully,
B. McI. (Miss).

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL
3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

CORNS

No matter how old or hard—

GONE IN 2 DAYS!

Pain Stops in Ten Seconds

In ten seconds all pain will be gone! In two days the entire corn can be lifted out whole! So quick and sure is the action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (with the Medicated Disks included in every packet for obstinate corns). These thin, safe pads end the cause of corns—shoe pressure.

Special sizes for Corns, Callouses, Corns-between-Toes, and Bunions. From all Dr. Scholl Depots, Chemists, Shoe Stores—per packet 1/3d.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PURE BEER

EASILY MADE AT HOME

Invigorating & Sustaining

FOR 1D PER PINT

ALE OR STOUT (State for which when ordering).

Get your VIGGORMALT from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, and all Stores, Chemists and Grocers; or send P.O. direct to—VIGGORMALT, Ltd. Dept. 4.J, Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

Trial Size 1/- PER TIN

3 Times Quantity 2/6 tin POST FREE U.K. & N.I.

FROM VIGGORMALT

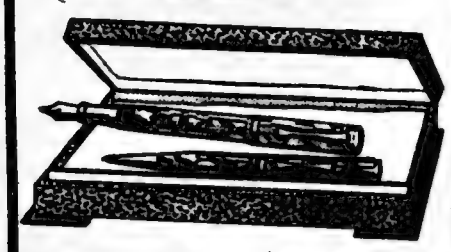
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

(NO ADULTERATION OR ADDED COLOURING)

"Simply add cold water" FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

The 'Big Two'

WRITING SET



The Beautiful Writing Set illustrated here is FREE to Clients using the

"CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS

The most Sporting and Comprehensive Lists published. Fixed Price and Long Odds Totalisator.

The Writing Set consists of a beautiful Fountain Pen, 6 in. long, with latest instantaneous stud-filling action, and Pencil to match, in a satin-lined presentation case.

A HANDSOME AND USEFUL GIFT

RACING.—Starting Price Commissions by letter accepted up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. No Limit—win or place. Winnings by return. Send for Long Odds Price Lists on the St. Leger, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire.

TO.....CUT ON THIS LINE.....

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name _____

Address _____

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My Happiest HOLIDAY

AFTER being abroad for three years, amid beautiful scenery, I returned and spent my happiest holiday in visiting the old places I knew so well.

I found pleasure in watching muddy old Father Thames glide under the Tower Bridge; I explored the West End, and revelled in the lights of Piccadilly; I wandered round Dockland, and drank coffee at coffee-stalls.

I walked through deserted City squares, after the last 'bus had gone, and found a strange fascination in picking out old familiar buildings where once I had worked.

It was London. Home!—*"Fusilier," Wallington.*

"Downed Tools"

My best holiday was my first as an employee. I had previously been an employer, owning my own business, until I was forced to close down. On this occasion I realised that I had never before known what a holiday was.

As an employee, I "downed tools," and for one glorious week I was able to forget work and enjoy a care-free and exhilarating holiday.

Before, as an employer, I was continually worrying about the business in my absence and unable to get totally away from it, with dire results to my so-called holiday.—*C. R. W., Hull.*

On the Boards

Nine years ago I spent my happiest holiday with a revue company working small halls in mining districts in the North.

I really enjoyed lending a hand with the "props," helping the artists in the awful dressing-rooms, and even walked-on in different little sketches.

I learnt all the worries and difficulties besetting these little theatrical companies, and I shall always remember them as the "brave trampers."—*Wm. Taylor, Margate.*

Sister's Trek

My happiest holiday was spent in a lumber camp in Canada. With another girl I was trekking across the wastes, anxious to discover a brother whom I had not seen for fifteen years.

We stumbled at last on a camp peopled with some of the most primitive men. But they were real gentlemen. They made us comfortable, and one tended my injured foot as gently as a woman.

Later we returned their kindness by making their shack more home-like, and my brother, whom I found later in happier circumstances, became their friend. —*R. A. M., Edenthorpe.*

No Make-up

I am a mannequin, and I had reached a stage when I was sick of clothes and perfumed salons. A country-bred girl, I felt like a prisoner.

To escape for a brief fortnight, I went to a farm in Ireland. I found it the loneliest and loveliest place in the world. I wore an old sweater and shorts, no make-up, and revelled in the sunshine which turned my blonde skin to a gipsy brown.

It was here that I met a young farmer who fell in love with me, and soon we are to be married.—*Blonde Nanette, Cambuslang.*

Loss—Gain

I was in domestic service, and went to a seaside boarding-house for a holiday. On arrival, I found the landlady had been suddenly taken ill, and was in despair and thinking of sending boarders home.

I volunteered to carry on for her, and never have I enjoyed a happier holiday. It seemed as if the act of doing somebody a good turn had filled every hour with delight.

I know I missed the sights. But I gained something that has always been a pleasant memory.—*E. D. Reade, Broadheath.*

Happy Family

My first holiday cruise was my idea of the ideal holiday. The thrill experienced when first I saw that mighty floating palace is indescribable. How I was bewildered when I first explored those many passages, each brightly lit!

Friends were made at once, and soon we were just one happy family. The joyous days which followed—spent in playing games, swimming, dancing, or viewing the magnificent scenery—will always be treasured memories.—*"Jaka," Durham.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts" Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, August 22.

When I Turned the Other Cheek

Her Surprise

I had been living with auntie in the country for about six months—glorious months of freedom. All day I played in the fields, "helped" to make hay, gathered mushrooms.

Then one day auntie told me mother was coming. She curled my hair, made me wear a hat for the first time, and took me to the station.

The train steamed in. When mother stepped out she held something in her arms, and when auntie lifted me up I saw a baby sister. The happiest part of my happiest holiday.—*May Jackson, Oldham.*

For her—"A little share of life's good things"

Sharing It

The happiest holiday I ever spent was passed in a little seaside village two years ago.

I took fifteen of the poorest children in my class there for a fortnight. I can still see their faces radiant with joy, still hear their happy laughter and grateful thanks.

Eleven of the children had never before seen the sea, and their joy was indescribable. The whole thing acted as a tonic to me, too.

I have often thought since how different the world would be if all could get just a little share of life's good things.—*N. J., Manchester.*

Complete Change

I am a clerk, although I live among fishermen in the largest fishing port in Britain. A few years ago I took advantage of an offer and went for a trip on a trawler.

The complete change from the ordinary routine of sedentary work, added to the interest in the seafaring duties involved, gave that holiday a colour that still lives in the memory.

The sunrise over restless waves, appetite-giving tang of the sea air, youthful energy renewed in healthy outdoor exercise, congenial companions—all these made that break from clerical routine the holiday of my life.—*Amateur Sailor, Hull.*

Real Pleasure

Circumstances compelled me to take my holiday early in the year, and the weather was such that it was silly to think of going away. Yet I enjoyed the happiest holiday of my life.

I got up when I thought I would; there was no landlady to bother me. I loafed in a comfortable arm-chair, read a number of books which took me out of myself, and, what is more, it was a real pleasure to have a week at home with my wife.

I returned to work as fit as a fiddle.—*A. James, Birmingham.*

* * *

Fifty-one weeks a year I tend dynamos which radiate current to the area around. I chose a little village in the Derbyshire Dales for my happiest holiday, and stayed in a cottage where the oil-lamp shed radiance on antimacassars and photographs of fifty years ago.—*Tom M., Castletown.*

My first real one! "Real" because there was no housework, no cooking, no catering, none of the endless tasks I'd had for twenty-four years. Oh! the joy to have meals someone else had prepared; to go out when and where I liked without calling at food-shops, or hurrying back to cook.—*Mother, Bedford.*

Three of us hired a horse and a caravan and went on the road. The cooking and looking after ourselves was quite a picnic. It was the most healthful and care-free holiday I have ever spent.—*L. M. C., Cambs.*

When I left my watch at home, gave up time-tables and maps, and went just where passing fancy dictated.—*L. H., Rugby.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Watch the Youngsters

THE nursery season opens on September 1, so backers should commence to pay particular attention to the form of the two-year-olds.

In the "bad old days" cute trainers would put a two-year-old or two aside for the nursery campaign. During the months of June, July and August their form figures would be a series of 0's. As a result, the handicapper naturally let them in the nursery events with minimum imposts.

In September, with the money down, up they came. It was not surprising to see a two-year-old, regarded as a rank bad 'un, run up a series of successes.

Nowadays the competition for prizes is too keen and the stewards too vigilant to allow of shady methods.

My half a dozen youngsters to follow during the first month of the nursery campaign are: Master Vere, Garry, Satyr, Solo, Sun Palm filly, and Vervelle filly.

During the first week or two of the Flat I tipped Guiscard for the Queen's Prize, with the proviso that if Lord Derby's gelding failed at Kempton Park, I should be on the watch for him in another long-distance handicap.

Guiscard is a proved stayer who has not had the best of luck, but I am hoping good fortune will be on his side at York.

Dick Turpin is assured of a good following and he is a glutton for distance. I expect him to be placed.

At Hurst Park this week-end it should pay to follow Ole King Sole and Statesman, respectively engaged in the Maze Plate and Hyperion Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 17, to Wednesday, August 23.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96898 would read WELLINGTON.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex, it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey Presto! I've had a perfect shave in twominutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have, I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me—Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex, everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in **6D 1/- & 1/6** Tubes and **1/6** Pots

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public: It is made of the purest oils:

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee - Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

"Glorious Lucretia, I could sing of your charms and beauty all day—your skin is like a rose, with its heart of pink, and petals of palest hue."

"Don't flatter musician—play your music, which is sweeter than all your flattery. All the complexion I have is made beautiful not by my subtle poisons but by the find ng of the Almond Blossom, which produces Almond Oil, giving me my cherished complexion. This alone is the secret, for Almond Oil gives youth, life and beauty to the skin. So in my laboratory my beauty is made."

SKIN DISEASES Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg; Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished. And Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

We do not publish testimonials from Society women, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

HELEN OF TROY.

Helen of Troy, the toy of fate, was a great beauty, and was the cause of great battles being fought for her. King of Sparta, her husband, thought his life well lost to regain his lost love.

Paris, whose beauty and great deeds in War, had succumbed to her loveliness. The Poet Homer quotes her face with its classical beauty, without a flaw, "as the sun gleams behind the petals of the white rose."

ALMOND OIL IS USED IN DOGE CREAM

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream

For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO.,' LTD., (Dept. De. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

Hurry up for a big Crossword Holiday Prize!

£20 A WEEK FOR LIFE and £200

FINAL OFFER OF THESE FINE HOLIDAY AWARDS!

ADDED AWARD OF SEASON TICKET £2

For all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—providing 60 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword—Registration coupon on "Bullets" page.

and £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE

FINE 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE—OR ONE LUMP SUM of £500

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO & ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

THREE competitors have already won outright our great 3-in-1 Holiday Prize—and now you have one last opportunity to join them.

The final Holiday Prizes of the 1933 season are waiting to be won for solving the puzzle below—and your reward may well be that splendid First Prize of a Life Pension of 20s. weekly, £200 in cash and a Holiday Cheque for £20 every August.

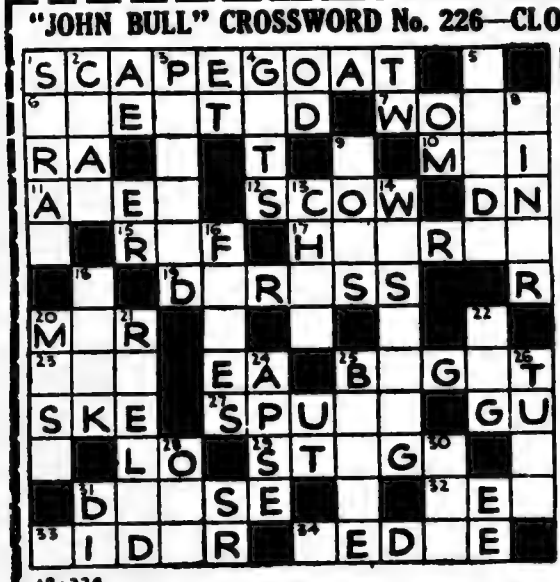
If you miss it by one point only, you will still be able to share in the increased Runners-up Holiday Prize of £150, to which, if you have qualified, a share of an extra £100 Bonus will be added as announced.

Put on your thinking cap and start now to solve the bright and interesting Clues, fill up the squares carefully and post them to reach us by noon on Thursday, August 24.

BIG SURPRISE COMING NEXT WEEK!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 20s. a week, a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly, and £200 cash (or a lump sum of £500 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 31, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 7, 1933.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 226—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1933.



JB·226

JB·226

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 226—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1933.

JB·226

JB·226

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. Is blamed for others' misdeeds
6. Stood a drink
7. Is imported in rough state
10. French for "me"
11. Assist in crime
12. Flat-bottomed boat
15. Short for "referee"
17. Vehicle that carries coffin
19. Compulsion
20. Spoil
23. Wrath
25. Narrow-minded person
27. Reject with disdain
29. Play is acted upon this
31. Describes a dunce
32. Half of "gee-gee"
33. There's something warming about it
34. Is fixed to some windows

CLUES DOWN

1. Something one clutches at
2. A kind of shell-fish
3. Hair is, when being arranged
4. Obtains
5. Protection helps the sale of these
8. Quantity of food is taken by
9. Tight shoes make these seem bigger
13. A good one saves indigestion
14. Father grumbles when he sees this about the house
16. May lead to explosion
18. What pup soon learns to do
20. Is difficult to see through
21. Staggered
22. May stop a convict escaping
24. Recess in choir of a church
25. Comes in useful on a car
26. Where fresh air's welcomed
28. First number
30. Hen lays it

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 24, 1933

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 7, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 19, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 226, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

JB·224

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 224.

Winners in 223 on page 12. Result of 224 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 224 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB·226

JB·226

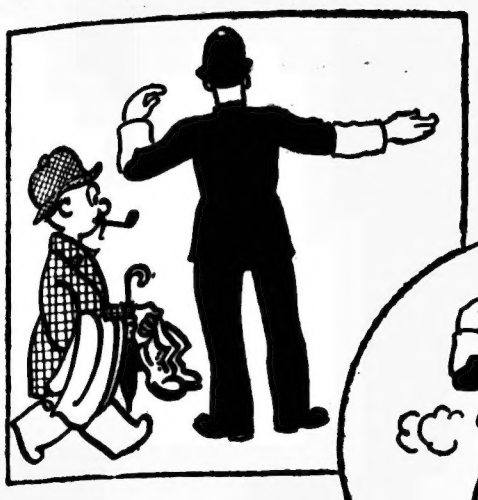
JB·226

JB·226

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents

The Editor Laughs LAST



ERNIE:

by

Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

P. D. (Retford).—"Most young men are anxious to rise." But not in the morning!

A. L. (Falkirk).—"Our new maid is one of the prettiest girls going." So she's leaving already?

E. W. (Windsor).—"Cricket is played out." Quite right; it is not one of our indoor games.

C. G. (Merthyr).—"Can you tell me where the cult of nudism is practised most extensively?" Yes, in the bathroom.

W. J. (Lewes).—"I sang five songs at the concert and even then the audience was not satisfied." With them?

C. B. (Edmonton).—"Don't you think we need a Trade Dictator?" Well, somebody ought to start giving orders.

L. B. (Chalk Farm).—"Nobody can spend more than they earn." You don't know much about modern daughters.

J. T. (Exeter).—"Should a man keep anything from his wife?" At least enough for lunch and fares, we should say.

G. H. (Wembley).—"In these days beauty is not always skin deep." No, and not often knee high.

KEEN (Portsmouth).—"Why not have more realistic golf scenes in talkie films?" The censor wouldn't pass them, probably.

JOURNALIST (Wigan).—"I think it is a good plan when one has written an article to put it away for a while." And forget where you put it.

N. O. P. (Marton).—"Marriage to me is a perfect wonderland of happiness and delight." Yes; but honeymoons don't last for ever.

D. R. (Margate).—"Do you know that the first time I ever kissed my wife was on our wedding morning?" The moment she was your wife, in fact.

BIG-GAME HUNTER (Park Lane, W.).—"Can you think of anything more frightening than just escaping from an enraged tiger?" Yes, not escaping.

L. K. (Gravesend).—"Do you know how toothpaste gets into the tube?" No; we don't know how we get into the Tube ourselves sometimes.

G. D. (East Grinstead).—"I have thousands working for me, and pay no wages; even then it's not all honey." We've kept bees, too.

H. P. (Leicester).—"My wife takes all my money to buy herself slimming mixtures." So you get a thin time, if she doesn't.

P. R. (Southend).—"What are asterisks?" They are the little stars an author sprinkles through his novel in the places where the reader is expected to use his own imagination.

NATURE (Lymington).—"I saw a bird twittering to another and stretching its wings." It was probably illustrating the size of the worm that just managed to get away.

J. E. T. (Dunstable).—"What have we on either side of us?" Arms.

D. L. (Watford).—"He's not clever, but he makes people think so." Well, that's clever.

M. B. (Regent's Park).—"I have been sued by a beastly tailor." And lost your suit?

S. F. (Wallasey).—"Are there any film stars who aren't divorced?" Yes, the single ones.

Miss G. (Poplar).—"Before long I mean to get a husband." But won't his wife object?

CHIC (Bond Street, W.).—"Women of to-day have fashion at their finger-tips." Yes, we have seen those crimson nails.

F. N. (Derby).—"Wind instruments strengthen the lungs." The concertina doesn't.

H. M. (Matlock).—"Elephants can be trained to count." And look how rabbits multiply.

E. B. (London).—"Many City workers take fencing lessons during their lunch hour." They call it their lunge hour, now.

A. S. (Pinner).—"Put a man on wheels and no poor pedestrian can stop him." Unless he is selling ice-cream.

N. G. (Mile End).—"I have half a mind to stop reading your page altogether." A case of cause and effect?

CURIOUS (Edenbridge).—"What keeps the modern kinema cool?" Probably the film fans.

Miss L. M. (Hove).—"Where are most bachelors to be found in England?" Sorry, but we can't give away the game like that.

S. A. (Clapham).—"I am not such an athlete as my brother, yet I would like to have a collection of cups and medals." Then set up as a pawnbroker.

DASHING YOUTH (Coventry).—"I realised that I had a very nasty proposition to meet." You don't exactly flatter your best girl.

L. K. (Ramsey).—"How can you tell the difference between a man and his wife if they both wear trousers?" Notice which one is listening.

A. D. M. (London, N.W.).—"I see that a missionary is taking bagpipes, gramophones and wireless sets to a cannibal island in the South Seas." After they have listened to the instruments, we can imagine the natives wanting to send missionaries to this country.

Dress Reformer (Leeds.—"In unconventionality of wearing apparel men have a long way to go." Eighteen holes, to be precise.

N. B. (Hackney).—"It is hard to find work for idle hands." The devil's own job.

CRITIC (Hampstead).—"The story to hold children must have punch." And Judy.

G. D. (Ilford).—"What is the best thing to do at the seaside when it rains?" Take shelter.

O. B. (Harrogate).—"I always give my hubby plenty of rope." Mind he doesn't skip.

BACHELOR (Hull).—"The modern girl is pretty serious." And also very attractive when she smiles.

BOB (Swansea).—"Hitler is putting back the clock for women." Then they'll be later than ever for appointments.

FRED H. (Birchington).—"I have spent a small fortune trying to keep young." How many of them?

MOTORIST (Barnes).—"After a bad accident, I have now turned the corner." Pity you didn't do this before the accident.

A. K. (London).—"As a matter of fact, hundreds of individuals act on my instructions every week." You're on point duty.

E. F. (Ewell).—"The girl who keeps a man waiting for an appointment deserves a scolding." The man who keeps a girl waiting gets one.

Miss A. (Goole).—"Why should a composer give his music a silly title like 'Dancing Moths'? Do moths dance?" Have you never heard of moth-balls?

B. T. (Swindon).—"What is better than rising at 7 a.m. and having a fine walk?" Rising at 9 a.m. and having a fine breakfast.

F. E. (Liverpool).—"Money is said to go further than it did." Perhaps it does, but it is just as forgetful about coming back.

R. T. L. (Preston).—"My hair is coming out. Can you suggest something to keep it in?" What about an ordinary matchbox?

AUTHOR (Bristol).—"That I should write at all for JOHN BULL is a compliment to you." Thanks; we are returning the compliment.

T. H. (Hythe).—"I am thinking of making an attempt to swim the Channel. How much will it cost me?" Nothing; one does not have to pay for thoughts.

S. A. (Swindon).—"I'm always getting chaff from my workmates about *Bullets*." Make them look donkeys by walking off with one of this week's 75 big Holiday Prizes.

F. W. (Hendon).—"An aviation enthusiast says that flying in an aeroplane is as safe as sleeping in bed." Maybe, but we can't forget that more people die in bed than anywhere else.

H. P. (Kensington).—"People should sell their old cars to assist in solving the unemployment problem." Yet if we all sold our old cars many dependent garage mechanics would be thrown out of work.

S. N. (Canterbury).—"With the aid of gramophone records made by a famous professional, tennis strokes can be learnt indoors." It is not advisable to practise in the kitchen, owing to the risk of smashing services.

F. M. (Watford).—"A wireless crooner in America refused to appear before the microphone because he had received threatening letters from a listener." Now, that's an idea!

G. J. M. (Glasgow).—"To ensure perfect matrimonial bliss, a man wants to be continually buying his wife new clothes." "Wants to" doesn't seem quite right, somehow.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks. Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(482N), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482N), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

(Please write plainly) .....

EADE'S PILLS

relieve your

RHEUMATISM

or give your

MONEY BACK

RELIEF! Or we bear the cost of the treatment! If you suffer from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, sciatica, or lumbago, or any such pains, buy a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Eade's Pills from any chemist to-day. If after you have taken three-quarters of its contents you are not satisfied that they are doing you good, you can return the bottle with its remaining contents and original wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (Dept. 9K), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1 and—**YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.** (This offer will remain open for one month). Eade's Pills are the most famous remedy for rheumatism in the world. They have 87 years' reputation in every country and clime, and their thousands of testimonials are the wonder and envy of the medical fraternity.

87 YEARS' REPUTATION. 1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all chemists. Refuse all substitutes.

Take Eade's Pills in SUMMER WEATHER

Enjoy the summer to the full! Rheumaticky conditions that may spoil all your enjoyment are often brought about by sultry weather and the interruption of your regular habits by holidays. Eade's Pills taken regularly in hot weather will keep you perfectly fit. Thousands regard Eade's Pills as their summer safeguard.

FREE Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is most useful when used in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

★ A FREE OFFER

A generous sample of a new wonder treatment which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments, rheumatism, etc., is offered on the back cover. This is the treatment referred to by Mr. W. Treagus, who says:—"I am writing to tell you of the wonderful results I have obtained from 'Elasto,' as advertised in 'John Bull.' I was laid up with sciatica for about a month, and since then I thought I was doomed to be a cripple, for my leg had almost wasted to the bone. Then I saw the advert. about 'Elasto' in 'John Bull,' and on the strength of it I decided to give it a trial. I have been using it for three weeks only, and I can walk almost as well as I did before the attack of sciatica. . . ."

Get full particulars and a Free Sample of the New "ELASTO" Blood treatment by filling in the coupon at once.

Turn to the Back Cover now.

WHAT is a "Plus" reader? A "Plus" reader of JOHN BULL enjoys a wonderful privilege—*a 10 per cent. Bonus is added to any insurance Benefit he receives* from this journal. You can be sure of this great additional practical help should misfortune come your way, provided you have been registered for three months or more.

The simple sum above illustrates this unique and outstanding feature of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance. Whether you receive £5 or £500 Benefit, the cheque JOHN BULL sends you will be "PLUS" a valuable 10 per cent. Bonus if your registration is of three or more months' standing. This applies to the entire range of Benefits—a concession without precedent in the history of free insurance.

"SUPER-GENEROUS"

"We would have been quite satisfied with the amount as given on our Free Insurance Certificate, but by adding the 10 per cent. Bonus you have been super-generous." This typical letter shows how much our readers appreciate this extra help in time of need and trouble.

Your home represents the savings of a lifetime. Safeguard your possessions by registering for JOHN BULL'S "super-generous" comprehensive Free Insurance without delay.

It will only take you a few moments to sign the forms below—but your peace of mind will be assured for a much longer period. Act now—sign to-day! Become a "Plus" reader.

HOLIDAY RISKS.

Registered readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Home Insurances, while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PROVIDE FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND SICKNESS BENEFITS.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 19/8/33.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

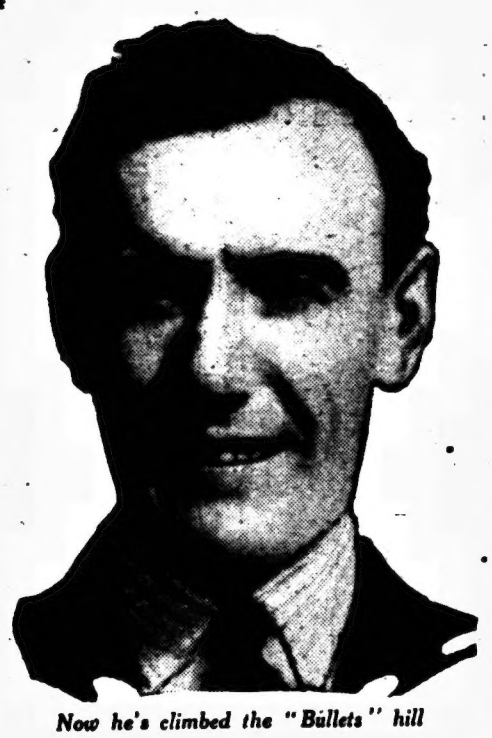
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 19/8/33.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
Cash the Coupons



Now he's climbed the "Bullets" hill

'BUSMAN *wins a real* HOLIDAY!

AGAIN our *Bullets* First Prize has been won by the driver of a 'bus!

It takes good judgment and accurate thinking to pilot a 'bus through modern traffic—and these same qualities have just brought our First Prize telegram to Mr. W. Lawrence, 3, Gadlys Uchaf, Trecynon, Aberdare.

To-day he is being congratulated by all his colleagues and friends on securing a fortune of £850, with an additional Holiday Award of £20 every August for life. This was the huge 2-in-1 First Prize in our 902nd Contest for his thoughtful and well-balanced *Bullet*, MAN'S RIGHT HAND —SCIENCE, RIGHTLY HANDLED.

"The excitement of receiving your wire can better be imagined than described," says Mr. Lawrence. "It took the ground from beneath my feet—and placed me on a firmer foundation in life!

"At present there are uppermost in my mind two pleasant uses to which I can put the prize-money," he continues.

"My annual holiday is assured for life and our three-year-old boy's future will be reasonably free from a good many handicaps."

Though ten years of striving for a *Bullets* First had previously brought Mr. Lawrence nothing greater than a 2s. 6d. prize, he never slackened his efforts. "The success which has come my way," he concludes, "can be attributed to dogged perseverance, plus the aid of your very valuable little *Bullets Bulletin*, which contains matter that is invaluable to competitors."

In the same contest which brought *Bullets* fame and fortune to this young man of 33, an invalid won a welcome £25, which his mother proudly acknowledges.

"My son has been a regular 'Bulleteer' for over two years," writes Mrs. M. F. Back, 10, Normandy Road, Brixton, "and has won several smaller prizes. Unfortunately he is too ill in hospital to write to you himself."

"My boy," she goes on, "has been in hospital for over 18 months, and he makes *Bullets* to pass the time away." We hope that the success of young Mr. Back's ingenious effort, THRILLING MOMENT — FOR HIM, "FOR HE'S—", will do something to speed his recovery.

Illness didn't deter him

To a Yeoman of His Majesty's Bodyguard goes the honour of gaining a £10 prize in this contest. Formerly a Sergeant-Major in the Coldstream Guards, Mr. A. Adams, 46, Whitcomb Street, London, now devotes much of his time to turning out smart and promising young *Bullets*!

"I would not be without *Bullets Bulletin*," writes Mr. Adams, "it helps one to see eye to eye with the judges, and then success cannot be far off."

So if you want to make *Bullets* as effective as Mr. Adams' winner, GOOD INVESTMENT—WHAT KIDDIES "PUT AWAY," the same free help with your efforts is well worth securing.

One of your last two opportunities to follow these winners and secure a big Holiday Prize awaits you on the opposite page. Be quick with your entry!

FOLLOW THE LEADERS

Follow the lead of the three winners whose successes are recorded above and order a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*.

The news, hints, facts and breezy encouragement it brings will put you just in the mood to make good *Bullets* and so make good in *Bullets*.

Post off the coupon opposite to-day and so secure your Thursday tonic weekly!

£1,287 10s. AWARDED—COMPETITION No. 903.

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 AND £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

Mr. D. GREEN, Jnr., 37, Watcombe Circus, Carrington, Nottingham.

Example:—HOPELESS

Bullet:—THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss K. HORNER, Ling-crag, Silsden, Keighley.
Example:—Fido
Bullet:—Makes "Stump" His "Orator."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. P. A. LINETON, 31, Dagmar Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.
Example:—Girl On The Pier
Bullet:—Keeps My "Lighthouse" Now.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Mr. J. McLAUGHLIN, 394, Main Street, Camelon, Falkirk.
Example:—Result Of The Conference
Bullet:—Beaten By "Sixty-six Goals."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. ENSOM, 13, Clyde Terrace, Hertford, Herts.
Example:—Glued To The Spot
Bullet:—Success "Cocoanuts," World's "Fair."

5 OF £5 EACH:

J. CAMPBELL, 17, Mary Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
Rich And Rare—Dishes, Seldom Happiness's "Banquet."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

B. GURD, Lea Green, Downton, Lymington, Hants.
Troubles And Cares—Father Forgot—Then Tickets!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

A. PEARSON, 23, Rosebery Street, Rotherham, Yorks.
When The Fight's Over—"Retirement" Often "Knocks Out."

Mrs. J. TILLY, "Crest View," Mickleburgh Avenue, Herne Bay.
Girl On The Pier—Mother, Last Seaside Holiday!

J. WAIN, Bond Lane, Heage, Nr. Belper, Derbys.
Nasty Bump — "Shook" Me — Removed Dust."

5 OF £4 EACH:

W. BOWKER, 56, Minto Road, Sheffield.
Killing Business—For Solly, Hitler's "Fire."

D. EVELYN, 21, New Bridge Road, East Hull.
When Sandy Lost Sixpence—Overboard—Reached Water First!

H. HEATH, 66, Milman Road, Reading.
Nasty Bump—Softened—We're "Travelling Tandem."

G. E. LANIGAN, 10, Oakfield Avenue, Chorlton-c-Hardy, Manchester.
Building Castles—Auntie—Demolishing Cakes, Curate.

G. WEBB, Station Terrace, Newton, Nr. Alfreton, Derbys.
Mighty Ocean—"Carved" Britain—Then "Served."

5 OF £3 EACH:

J. J. AGGIO, "Jesmond," Lindsay Road, Leicester.
Slip Of The Tongue—Started Father's Slipper "Talking."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. E. COOMBS, 12, Diana Road, Orrell, Bootle, Liverpool.
Political Giant—Also Italy's "Good Fairy."

H. MAGUIRE, 4, Mary Street, Dublin.
Mighty Ocean—Roars Challenge—Murmurs Welcome.

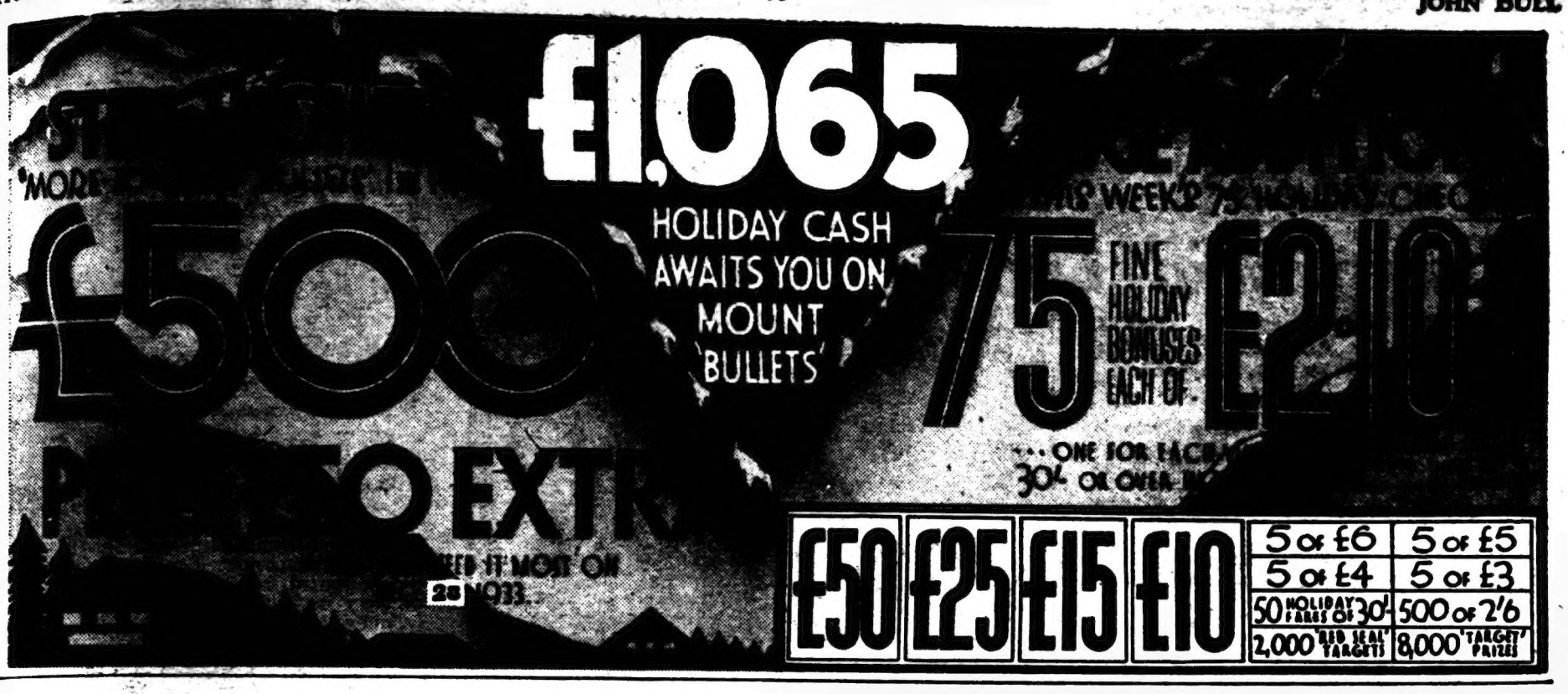
H. E. NICOLLE, 2, Excelsior Villas, St. Brelades, Jersey, C.I.
Stony Silence—Two "Big Noises" Met!

C. R. PATCHETT, Harpers Gate, Rudyard, Nr. Leek, Staffs.
Girl On The Pier—Caught *Me* For Supper!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 16 £2 10s., 28 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

As announced in connection with "Bullets" No. 903, each winner of £2 and upwards whose successful effort was entered on one of two or more coupons contained in the same envelope, will receive a book of "Bullets" "Season Ticket" Free Entry coupons.



Big Holiday Cheques and 75 Fine Cash Bonuses!

TO-DAY brings you almost the last huge batch of prizes in JOHN BULL's great Holiday Campaign. See how an increased "More-to-Come" First Prize and a still larger number of special Holiday Bonuses have been combined in this wonderful one-week offer!

The sender of this week's best *Bullet* will enjoy the unique award of £500 down and a further sum of £50 just when it will be most welcome—Christmas Eve, 1933. And each of the 75 principal winners in this seasonable one-week contest will receive a £2 10s. Holiday Bonus in addition to the cheque secured.

Within a few days, we shall be telegraphing a tremendous thrill to the winner of this huge 2-in-1 First Prize—and there is no reason why a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons on this page should not bring our congratulations to *you*.

THE WAY TO WIN

YOUR first step in making *Bullets* is to read slowly through the list of *Examples* provided and consider what pointed remarks you can find to fit closely to any of them.

If, for instance, you had chosen the *Example* LIFE'S HARVEST, your first rough comment might well be, *That's Gathered In Next World.* Then, recalling the setting-sun so often seen in harvesting pictures, you could easily compress and improve this to the finished *Bullet*, LIFE'S HARVEST—THAT'S REAPED *After* "SUNSET." For your assistance, note that the contraction "that's" has always been regarded as one word for *Bullets* purposes.

For further guidance in constructing prize *Bullets*, study the style and phrasing of the winners printed on the opposite page this week.

Then settle down to your task of making *Bullets*, remembering that your entry must be in by Saturday, August 26.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

LIFE'S HARVEST
PUT OFF
KING FOOTBALL
COMES FIRST
IF WINSTON WERE VICEROY
HARD
LONELY MAN
STUBBORN AS A MULE
HE'S A DIPLOMAT, SO
WHEN HE KISSED HER
USING HIS HEAD
BEFORE THEY WENT
TO DAD'S SURPRISE
BADLY BENT
EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS
HER MOTHER
ENEMY AT THE GATE
WORSHIPPING MONEY
IN THE TRAFFIC JAM
HE LIT HIS PIPE AND
FRIGHTENED HER
BETTER NOW
CHEAPER LIVING
MORE WORK
PROUDLY
IN DESPERATION
STRUGGLING TOGETHER
LOWER AND LOWER
FLICKERING FLAME
ACCORDING TO THE BILL
ANOTHER CHANCE
EVERY NIGHT
COSY CORNER
LEFT IN PEACE
PERFECT STRANGER
SHOCK FOR OUR SUBURB

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complete Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 898 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 902 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Bryn Parr, Mill Street, Trecynon, Aberdare, Glam.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(906) Closing SAT., Aug. 26 | P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(906) Closing SAT., Aug. 26 | P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed _____ Address _____

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(906) Closing SAT., Aug. 26 | P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(906) Closing SAT., Aug. 26 | P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 906, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEXT WEEK LAST HUGE OFFER of HOLIDAY CHEQUES

Do You Dread
STAIR CLIMBING?
Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What users of Elasto say:

"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of Phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

These extracts are taken from letters received from people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful *new* blood treatment—ELASTO

Not Magic, But Acts Like It!

We claim full Proprietary Rights in this Preparation. There are no Substitutes for Elasto.

"No Sign of Varicose Veins Now."

How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 30 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is so small. I don't think that any woman should be without Elasto, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me.

(Signed) Mrs. A. WASSELL, Luton Lodge, Luton Hoo Park, Luton.

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day — NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE TREATMENT.
Whatever therapeutic theory may be fashionable at the moment, one indisputable fact will always remain and that is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood form the basis of life and health. Elasto is based entirely upon this common-sense physical fact.

A Wonderful NEW TREATMENT THAT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

We invite you to test Elasto Free. Simply fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., Sole Proprietors of Elasto (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't long for relief; get Elasto and be sure of it!

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS .....

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My Ailment is .....

John Bull 19.8.33.

Don't long for relief – get Elasto and be sure of it!

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